

ANNALES

1912



College of New Rochelle



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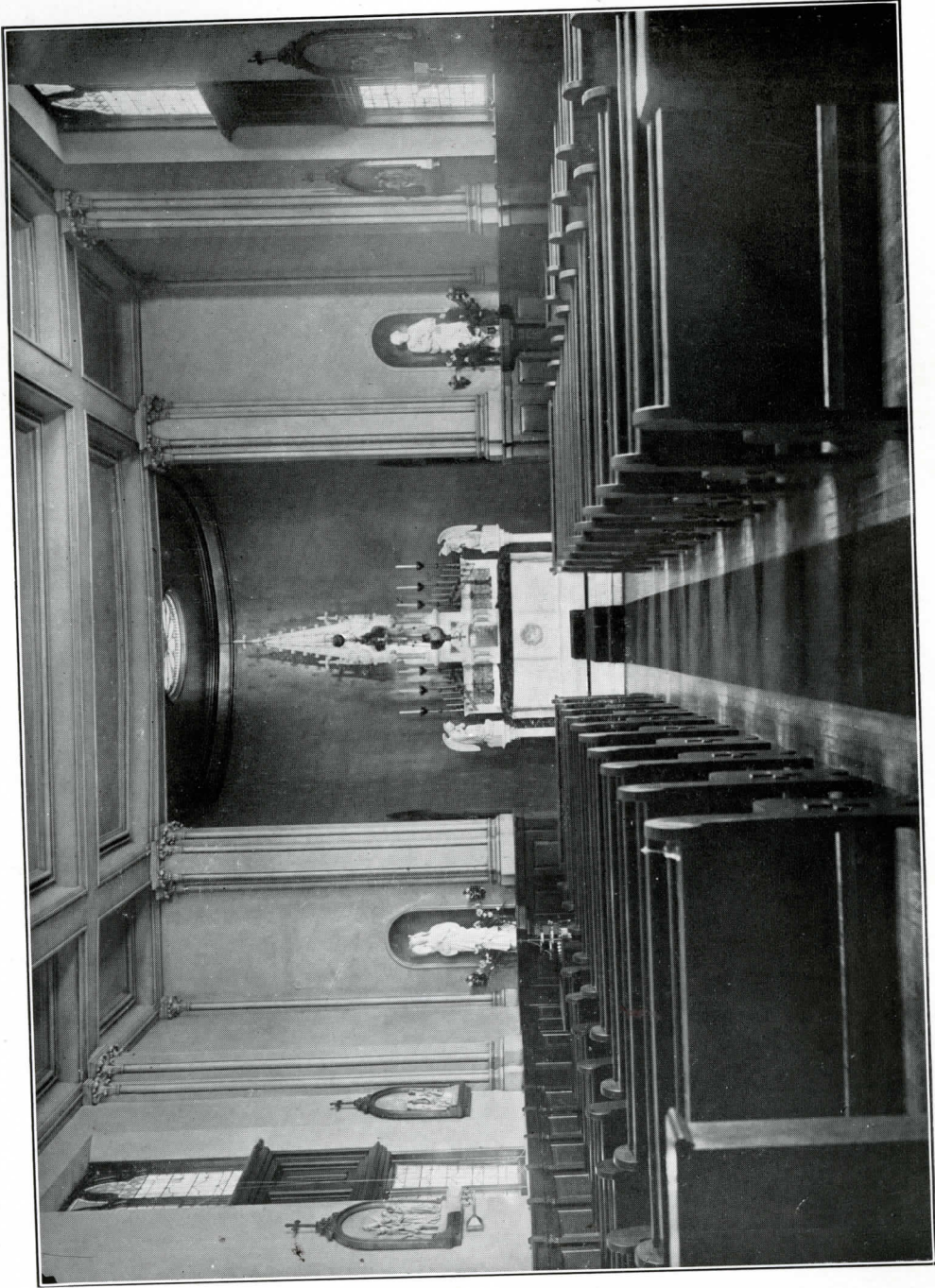
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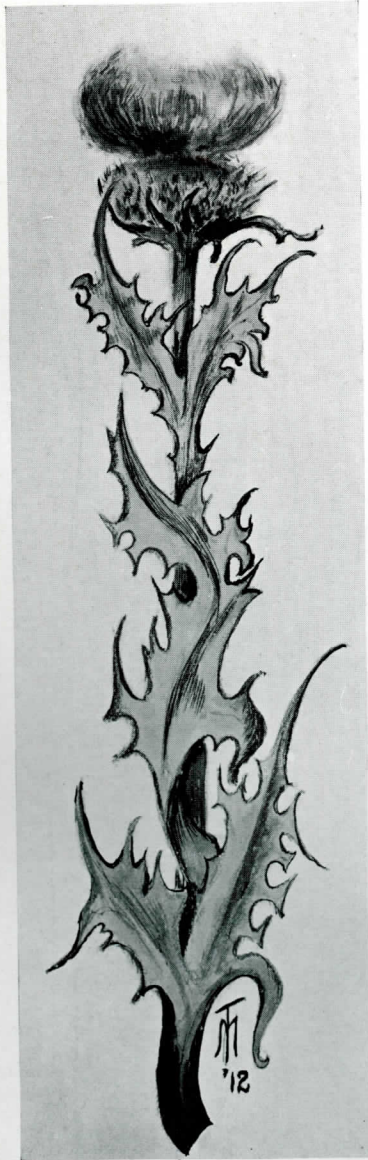
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THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

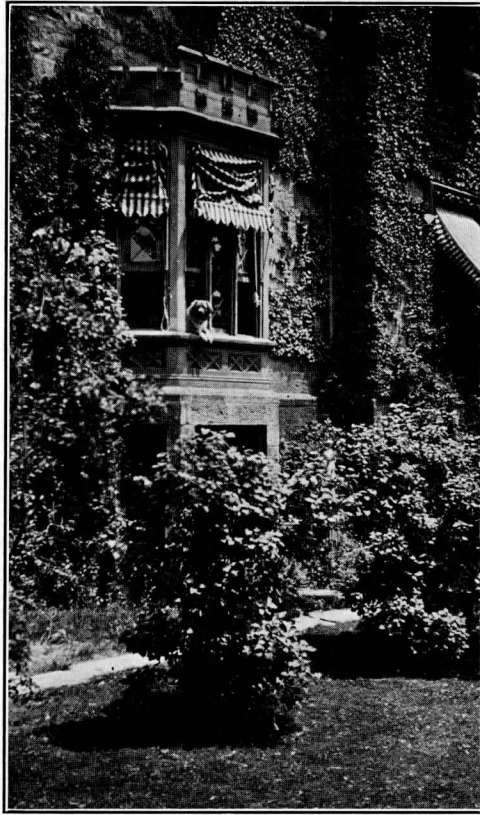


Annales

1912

THE YEAR BOOK
OF THE COLLEGE
OF NEW ROCHELLE

Published by the Senior Class



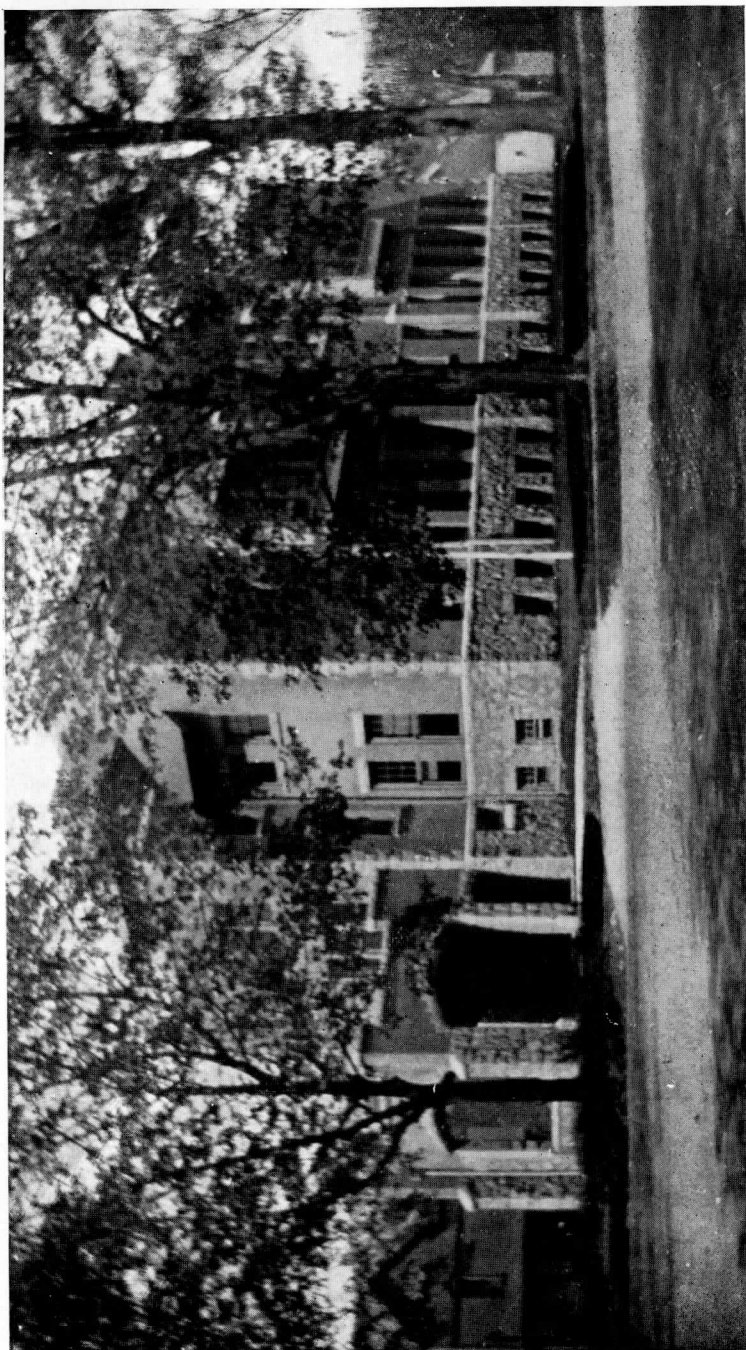
A378
N42

1912

To
The Reverend Mother Irene
Provincial of the Ursulines
Northern Province of the United States
Founder and Dean of our College
We affectionately dedicate
this book.

16343

12-22-27 Mary Denny 31++



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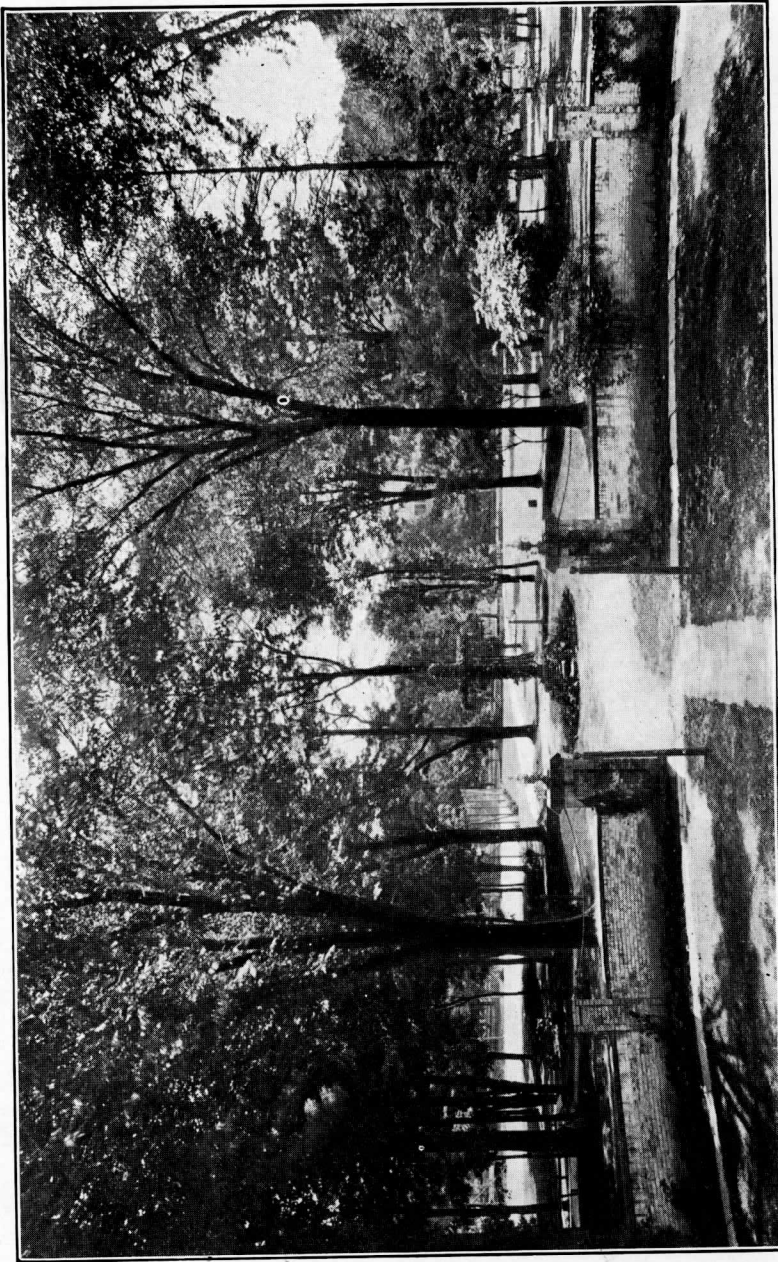
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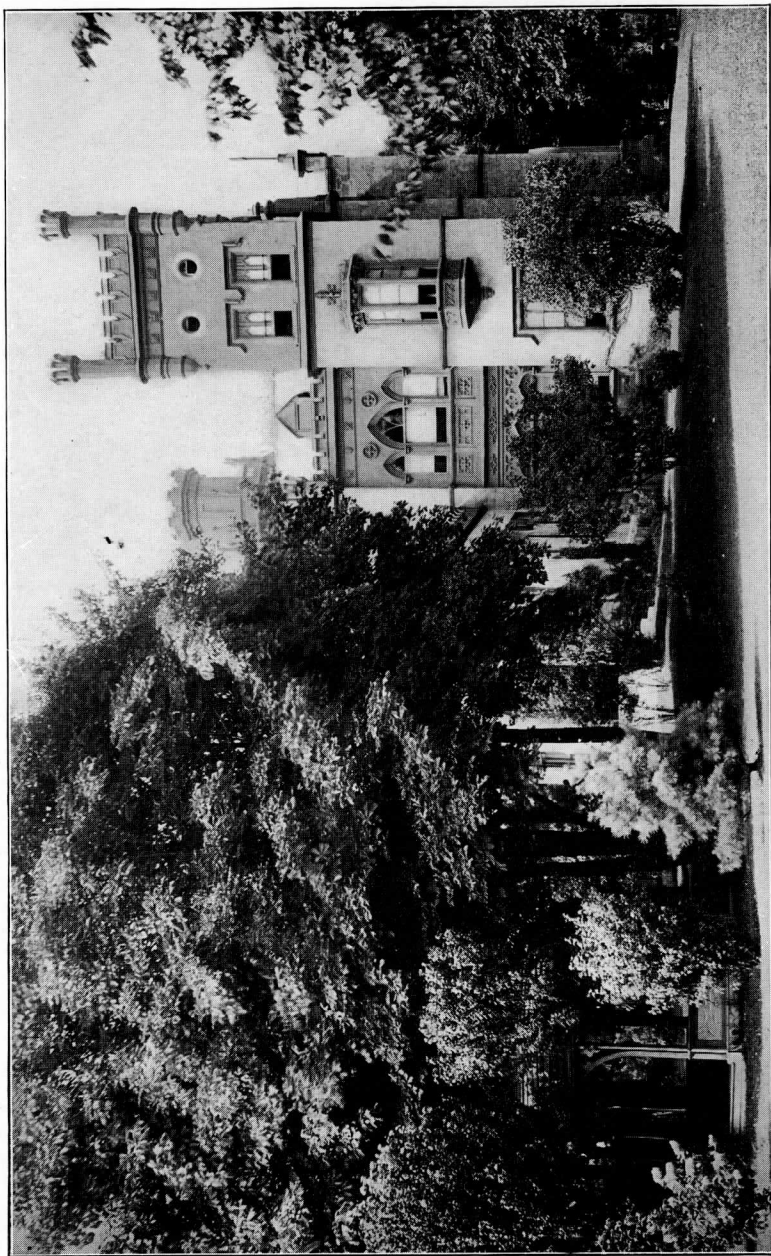
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THE CASTLE

Founder's Day

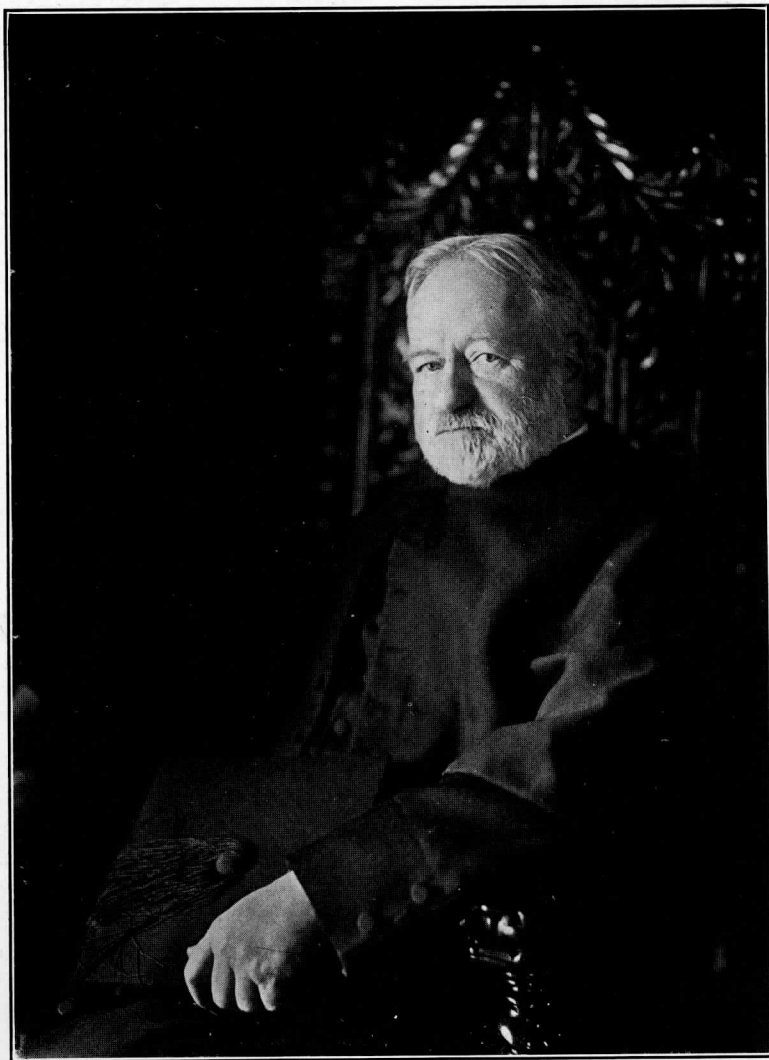


HERE are so many things we want to do in college, and we plan and plan, but somehow never do them. Until October 21, 1911, the establishing of Founder's Day headed the list, but on that date it was graduated "cum maxima laude" from its class. The fact of having our beloved founder with us again was inspiration enough, and once Mother de Sales had started us off, nothing could stop us in our enthusiastic preparations for the great day. What matter if the sky on the feast of St. Ursula matched the Castle walls? Nothing mattered, except that it was Founder's Day—and such a Founder's Day as it was! It began with solemn High Mass at nine o'clock, celebrated by Reverend T. P. McLoughlin, Vice-President of the College, and attended by the entire student body clad in regulation costume. In a short address at the close of the Mass, Father McLoughlin paid a graceful tribute to Very Reverend Mother Irene in whose honor the day had been established. Later in the morning Mother Irene received all the girls and warmly expressed her appreciation of the tribute paid her. Afternoon brought the old girls in large numbers and in all the dignity of their bachelors' hoods, they joined the student body at Benediction offered by Reverend Father Halpin. As the past and present St. Angelites filed down the stairs after the "Laudate," the first alluring strain of the reception music met their ears—perfect touch to a perfect day—Van Baar's!





SOUTHERN WING OF CASTLE



REV. PATRICK A. HALPIN, Ph. D
Professor of Philosophy



ALPHA ALPHA





Alpha Alpha

Philosophical Society

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Senior and Junior Classes





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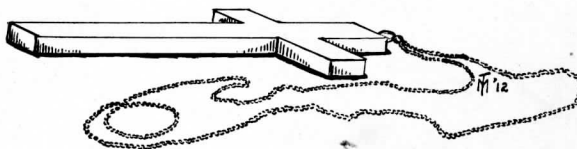
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Oratorian

EDITH LEEMING
Mistress of Ceremonies

HELEN KOUNTZ
MARIE LEAHY
Senior Counsellors

ANNA CODY
FRANCES SPAULDING
Junior Counsellors

KATHERINE FINIGAN
RUTH SEYMOUR
Sophomore Counsellors



The Eighth of December

Program of the Day

Solemn High Mass

Reception of Aspirants

Crowning of Our Lady

Sodality Ball

Grand March—8 P. M.

Mob-cap Review

"THE FAMILY POINT-OF-VIEW"

Written by Beatrice Warren and Helen Kountz.

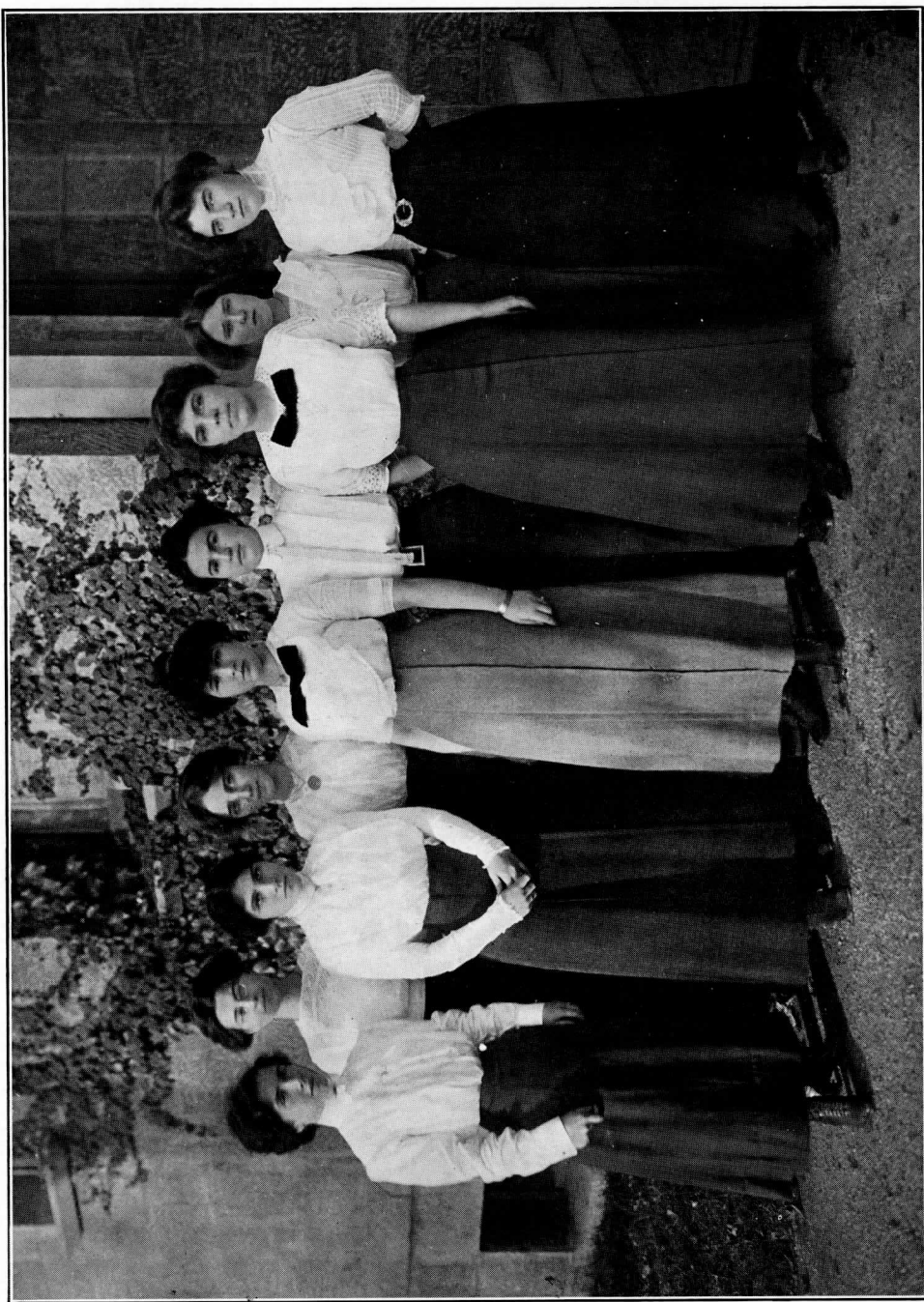
Cast of Characters

Guileless Mother (who reads the letter)	Alice Mahoney
Superior Father (who interprets the letter)	Louise Seymour
Blasé Elder Sister (who endures the letter)	Eleanor Brady
Adoring Younger Sister (who drinks in the letter)	Letitia Murphy
Bad Little Brother (who makes fun of the letter)	Anna Cody
Anne, a freshman at College (who wrote the letter)	Grace Monahan

Awarding of Prize for Prettiest Mob-cap.

Dancing

Supper.



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Julia F. Sullivan, '12

Mary F. Brady, '12

Edith M. Leeming, '13

Ethel M. Jettinghoff, '13

Gertrude C. Callan, '13

Rose G. Feig, '14

Winifred C. Demarest, '14

In Facultate

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Dramatic Club

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Musical Director

WINIFRED C. DEMAREST
Sophomore Representative

MRS. ESTELLE H. DAVIS
Coach

"THE SILVER THREAD"

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

PRESENTED BY

The Sophomore Members of the Dramatic Club

College of New Rochelle

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15th, 1911



"The Goblins Will Get Ye Ef You Don't Look Out!"

CAST:

Cubert, a miner lad.....	Miss Murphy
Dame Morna, his mother.....	Miss Ruth Seymour
The Woman from Beyond the Hills.....	Miss Mahoney
The Princess Gwenda.....	Miss Donlin
King Radnor, her father.....	Miss Mahoney
Mabina, her nurse.....	Miss McMahon
Alcie, another attendant.....	Miss Kelly
Castle Guards.	
Gundred.....	Miss Ryan
Thorwald.....	Miss Louise Seymour
Solberg.....	Miss Swift
King Shadow-cob.....	Miss Demarest
Prince Slumpkin.....	Miss McNamara
Mottlesnout, Lord High Chancellor.....	Miss Quinlan
Goblins:	
Troll.....	Miss Lonergan
Koll.....	Miss Ball
Ratkin.....	Miss Raftery
Clawfoot.....	Miss Marsh
Moles' Ear.....	Miss Loretta Coyne
Shag.....	Miss Fleming
Red Hoof.....	Miss Alvarado

Time: The mythical age. Season: The Spring.

Place: A kingdom west of the moon and east of the Sun, yet not too far from the rock bound hills of Cornwall.

Junior Class Plays

Friday evening, May 3, 1912

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY"

Cast of Characters

Ruy Gomez	Mary Keating
Marquis de Santa Cruz	May Kenny
King Charles II	Anna Cody
Duchess de Torreneneva	Anna Donlin
Duenna	Grace Monahan
Guzman	Beatrice Warren
Lopez	Edith Leeming
Pedro	Eleanor Brady

THE FOAM MAIDEN

A CELTIC FOLK TALE

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Cast of Characters

Moirá Farrel	Edith Leeming
Michael, her son	Eleanor Brady
The Foam Maiden	Beatrice Warren

MISS CIVILIZATION

By Richard Harding Davis.

Cast of Characters

Alice Gardner, daughter of James K. Gardner, President of L. I. and U. Railroad	Marie C. Langdon
"Uncle" Joseph Hatch, alias "Gentleman Joe"	Mary O'Reilly
"Brick" Meakin, alias "Reddy, the Kid"	Frances Spaulding
Harry Hayes, alias "Grand Stand Harry"	Ethel Jettinghoff
Captain Lucas, Chief of Police	Edith Leeming

Senior Campus Play

Wednesday Afternoon, May 29, 1912

King René's Daughter

In One Act.

From the Danish of Henrik Herz.

Rendered into English by Edmund Phipps.

Cast of Characters

King René	Julia Sullivan
Count Tristan of Vaudemont.....	Hazel Toohey
Sir Geoffrey of Orange, his friend.....	Ethel Jettinghoff
Sir Almeric	Roberta McLeod
Ebn Jahia, a Moorish Physician.....	Helen Kountz
Bertrand	Edith Leeming
Iolanthe, the Blind Daughter of King René.....	Mary Simpson
Martha, Wife of Bertrand.....	Mary O'Brien



"Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million."

The Mid-Year Play

Carnegie Lyceum, New York City, Saturday, February tenth

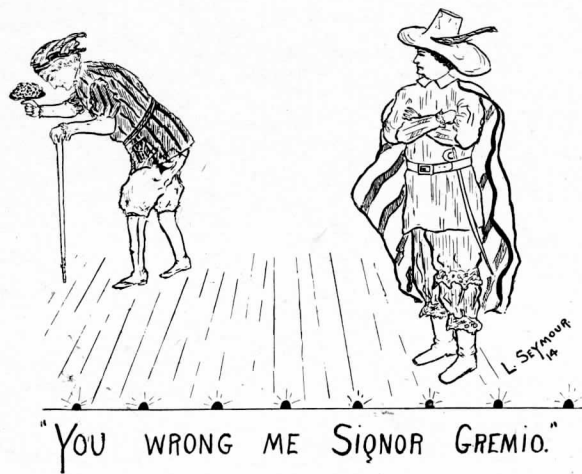
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

By William Shakespeare

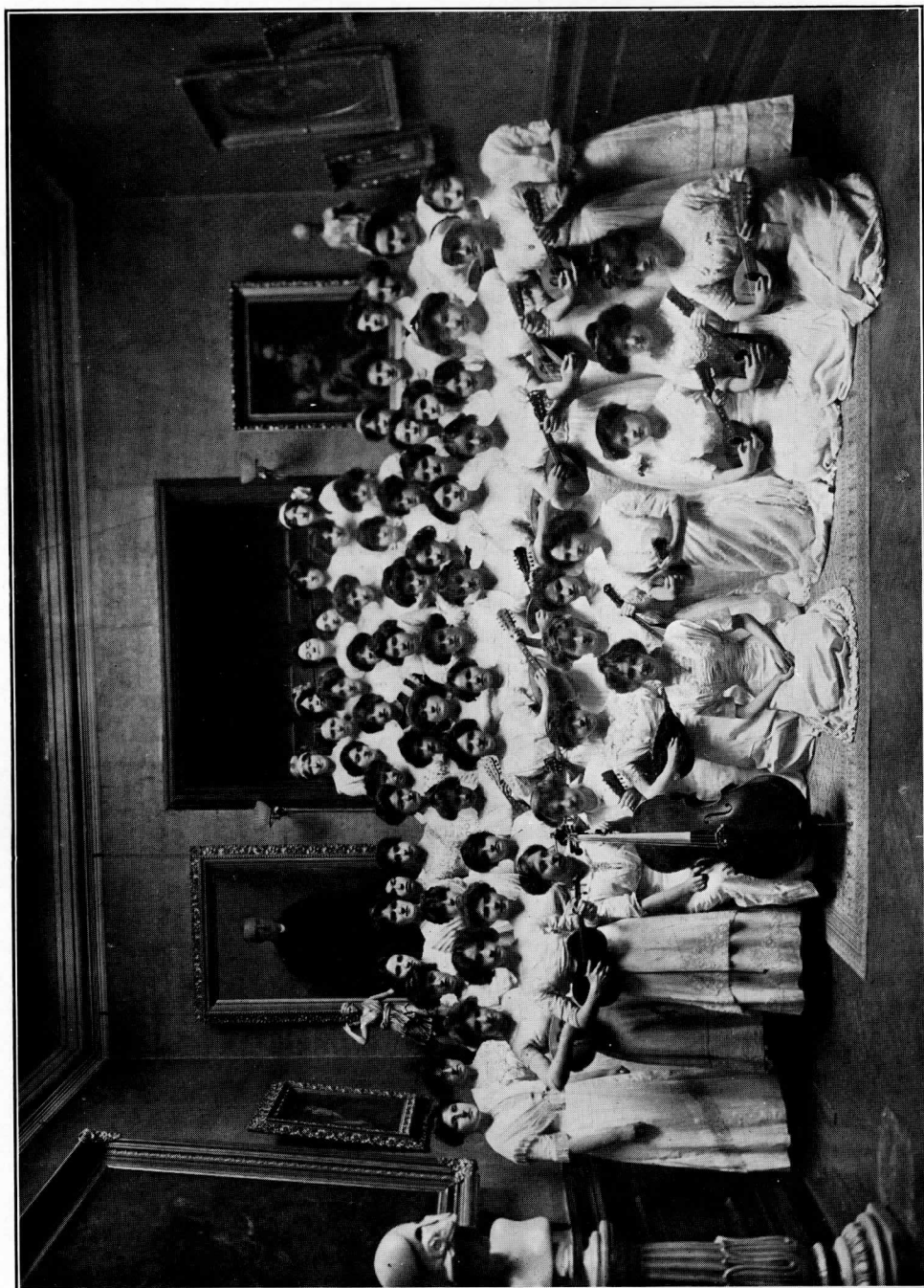
Dramatis Personae

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.....	Edith Leeming
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.....	Julia Sullivan
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.....	Beatrice Warren
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, in love with Katharina.....	Hazel Toohey
Gremio { Suitors to Bianca {	Louise Seymour
Hortensio {	Ethel Jettinghoff
Tranio { Servants to Lucentio {	Frances Spaulding
Biondello {	Letitia Murphy
Grumio	Anna Cody
Nathanial	Sadie Raftery
Philip	Elizabeth Kelly
Joseph	Rita Quinlan
Nickolas	Margaret McNamara
Pedant	Evelyn McMahon
Tailor	Alice Mahoney
Haberdasher	Mary O'Reilly
Katharina, the Shrew { Daughters to Baptista {	Mary Simpson
Bianca	Eleanor Brady
Widow	Anna Donlin
Curtis, servant to Petruchio	May Kenny
Attendant	Ruth Seymour

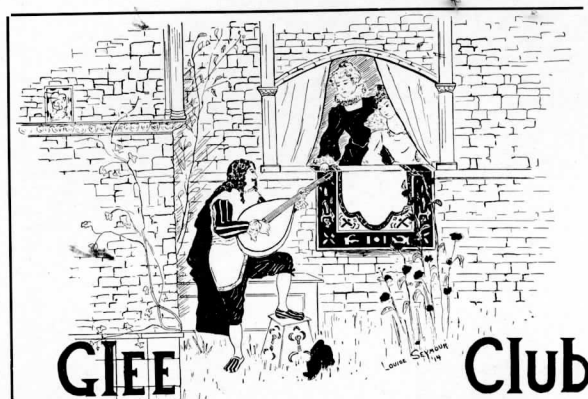
Under the direction of MRS. ESTELLE H. DAVIS



"YOU WRONG ME SIGNOR GREMIO."



GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS



St. Angela's Glee Club

Organized, October, 1909

Officers

MARIE LEAHY

President

FRANCES SPAULDING

Vice-President

ANNA CODY

Secretary

ELIZABETH KELLY

Treasurer

Third Annual Concert

Friday evening, April 26, 1912

"At last, though long, in jarring notes agree."

NR

Wearers of the N. R.

1911

Vera Babcock
Elizabeth Burr

Ellen M. O'Donnell
Susan P. Sargent

1912

Marie E. Leahy
Mary A. Simpson
Julia F. Sullivan

Marguerite I. Tait
Hazel S. Toohey

1913

May Dennehy

Athletic Association

Officers

MARGUERITE TAIT
President

MARY SMITH
Vice-President

MARIE LEAHY
Secretary

BEATRICE WARREN
Treasurer

Mid-Year Meet—March 23, 1912

Varsity Game—April 29, 1912

Field Day—June 2, 1912

Varsity Basketball Team



E. LEEMING, Sub.
M. DENNEHY
M. LEAHY

J. SULLIVAN
M. TAIT, Captain

M. SIMPSON
A. MURPHY, Sub.
H. TOOHEY

1914's Basketball Team



E. McMAHON, *Captain*

W. DEMAREST, *Manager*

M. Lonergan *Jumping Center*

L. Seymour *Running Center*

R. Feig *Guard*

M. Collins *Guard*

R. Seymour *Forward*

E. McMahon *Forward*

1915's Basketball Team



Winners of the Sophomore-Freshman Game

Mid-Year Meet, March 23, 1912

Score: 17—15

A. McMAHON, *Captain*

O. MARCH, *Manager*

E. Ryan..... *Jumping Center*

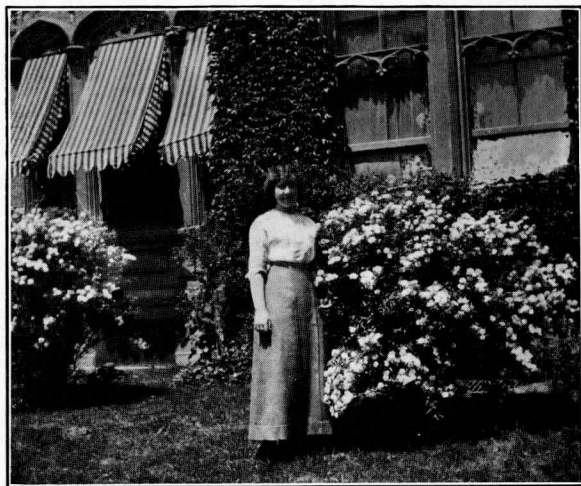
M. Baulard..... *Running Center*

M. Ransom..... *Guard*

G. Coyne..... *Guard*

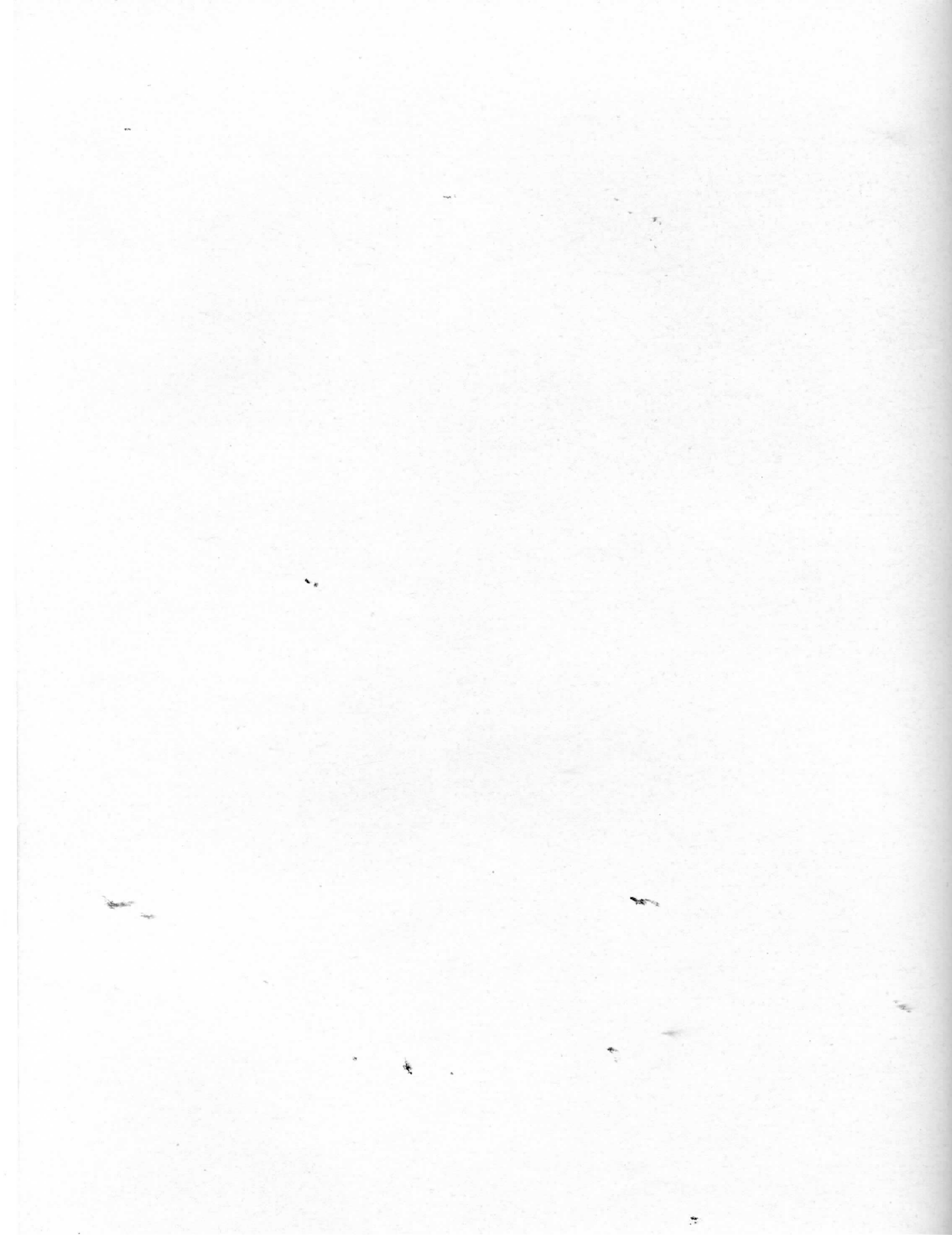
E. Kent..... *Forward*

A. McMahon..... *Forward*









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President

AGNES G. O'REILLY

Vice-President

HELEN F. SHERWOOD

Secretary

GLADYS M. DERING

Treasurer

Junior Year

MARY A. SIMPSON

President

J. BIBIANA STARK

Vice-President

GLADYS M. DERING

Secretary

MARY F. BRADY

Treasurer

Sophomore Year

AGNES L. MURPHY

President

MARIE E. LEAHY

Vice-President

MARY A. SIMPSON

Secretary

AGNES G. O'REILLY

Treasurer

Freshman Year

JULIA F. SULLIVAN

President

MARIE E. LEAHY

Vice-President

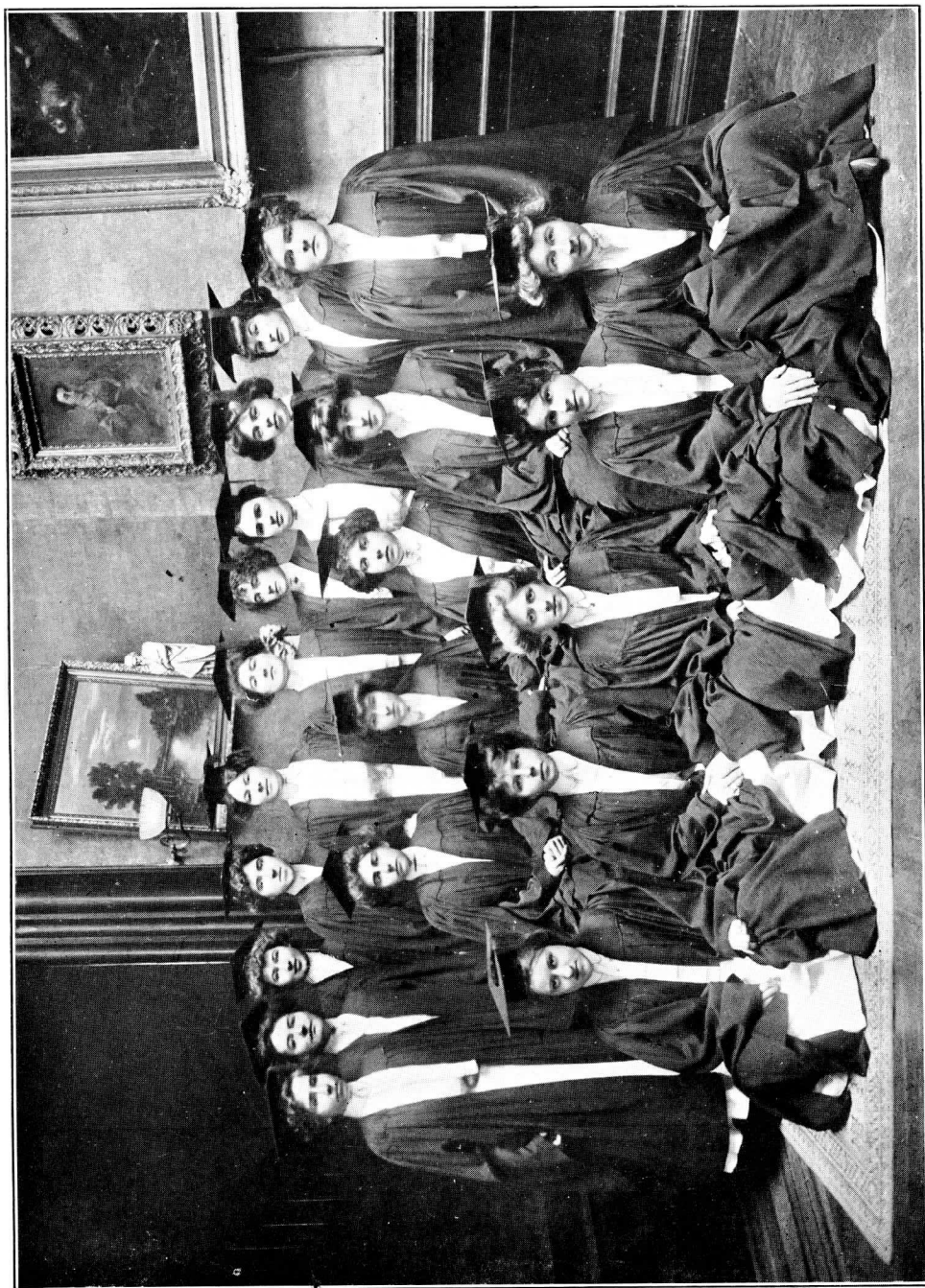
HELEN F. SHERWOOD

Secretary

FLORENCE M. QUINLAN

Treasurer





CLASS OF 1912

Graengrün

An Experiment in Community Life outlined
according to the Card Topic Method of
Dr. Giddings.

2. Aggregation—

The community located for the past four years at the College of New Rochelle, and known as the Class of 1912, numbers twenty members. There is a story that when the group first established itself in this country, it was reported as "numbering about fifty and expecting more in February." (One did arrive in February.) Of the twenty, sixteen live a strictly cloistered life, knowing little or nothing of the doings of the world (which pristine simplicity and ignorance sometimes slightly annoys the Professor of American Politics). These sixteen are called boarders. In contradistinction to this number is a group of four who spend only week-days with the community and devote their evenings and Sundays to worldly pursuits. They are called day-scholars.

3. Situation—

"Right in the heart of a town called New Rochelle is the Castle," to quote Helen's song, so dear to the heart of 1912. There are three ways of reaching the Castle. The first is straight along Taxicab Drive, and is by far the speediest, the second goes up Hack Hill and is a little slower, while the last extends along Pedestrian's Walk, a most tiresome way, frequented only by members of the Social Economy Club. (Membership in this club is compulsory at certain times of the year.)

4. Salubriousness—Climate, altitude, healthfulness—

The climate of the site selected by 1912 is particularly healthful to the normal member. On the whole, the altitude is far above C level, and ninety hundreds,—or as the vernacular has it, "90%"—is the favorite altitude. Occasionally, in the winter, when Patrick is not in the ascendancy, the temperature is slightly Icelandic, but it is only fair to say that at most times the bewildering carol of the bird of Greenland is heard.

5. Natural Resources—Rivers, forests, seas, mines—

Only once did 1912 suffer any dread of a water famine and then Great Bear came to the rescue, with an unlimited supply of at least six bottles. Within easy walking distance (except on Sundays), are Hudson Park and Pelham Woods; the former affords an unlimited

view of the Sound, on which, fortified by the "written consent of parents and guardians," members may row and swim to their hearts' content. The group does not take to mining with any great aptitude; on the contrary, a deep-rooted aversion to digging is one of its characteristics (though there are exceptions); at certain seasons, however, they search for gold in such well-known mines as "Freshman Bazaar," "Sophomore Play," "Sodality Bazaar," "Glee Club concert."

6. Commercial Opportunities—

Splendid opportunities for trade are offered at a department of exchange called the Quarterly Store, of which department Naomi was in charge in her Senior year. (I have not heard that 1912 derived any particular advantage from Naomi's being in charge—she was too good a store-keeper.) All the necessities of life, such as chocolate desserts, college steins, and ginger-ale, and many of its luxuries, such as stationery, shoe-polish, soap and hair-pins, may be purchased here at any time (except when they are "just out of that").

7. Industrial Opportunities—

Excellent training in keeping accounts, contracting and paying bills and collecting money is afforded by an Elective Course called Class Treasurership.

In the Department of Economics, owing to a deep-rooted conservatism, little practical knowledge of work is acquired, but a splendid theoretical course is given in Labor, Capital and its Industrial Management.

Members of 1912 have also enjoyed the advantages of a Course in Domestic Art, in which they have learned to draft shirt-waists on the half-scale, and to produce such creations as needle cases, canvas mats, button bags and miniature aprons. Cooking Classes, too, have become quite popular. Bina is noted for her chocolate cake and molasses candy, Sadie for sea-foam, Roberta for French salad-dressing, Julia for "1912 Punch" and John for a concoction all her own whose chief ingredients are marshmallows and chocolate sauce.

8. Earliest Arrivals—(When)—

"1912ers" began to arrive at the site selected on September 24th, 1908. There is a tradition that John was the first of the group to appear. Previous to her coming to New Rochelle, she had been known as "Ethel Claire Baptiste," but in a few days "Ethel Claire" gave place to "St. John" and "John the Baptist." The titles of sanctity in turn fell away and plain "John" she has been ever since. Florence also came very early and incredible as it may sound, "Sim" with "Brutha Ahtha" arrived early in the afternoon; next—even more incredible—came Mary Smith, and then Julia and Hazel. The latter struck such terror into the heart of 1911's big running center, that she ran wildly out to tell the members of her Community about the "terribly tall Freshman" who had just arrived. Later on it developed that Hazel's hat was responsible for the impression. Dot and Bina arrived within a few minutes of each other and a little later Ethel and Marie sauntered in as if community-life held nothing new for them (you see they'd been in the Castle Seminary for years). By dinner, Sadie and Agnes and Vida and Gladys had arrived, all the boarders, in fact, except a mysterious Miss Kountz, from the West. "1912" knew she was coming, because her silver had preceded her, and every time one of the group needed an extra spoon or fork, she toasted "Miss Kountz" and took the article. The next morning the day scholars, Mazy, Helen Sherwood, May and Peggy arrived, but still no Miss Kountz. Then one day about a week later there was a big commotion at the dining-room door; greeting and cries of "O, Mabel" were heard, and in a few minutes, a light-haired, breezy Western Junior advanced to 1912's

table, having in tow a small, brown-eyed, extremely self-possessed maid whom she introduced to the group. The mysterious Miss Kountz, the last of the original twenty, had arrived.

9. Earliest Arrivals—Why—

"I was going to Smith, but a priest who is a friend of my father's told him about this place and—well, father came down to see about it—and I'm here. Sorry? Well, I should say not.—Oh, I had my credentials from Wellesley, and I fully expected to go there, but Sister Mary James sent for Mamma and told her about this place and how splendid it was, so I withdrew my application at Wellesley and registered it here. I'm awfully glad now, but I was disappointed at first."—"Oh, you see, Sue,—she graduated at the convent last year, you know—was simply crazy about this place, and she wrote that I simply must come here. I hadn't thought much about it, tho' I sort of fancied Trinity,—but she was so enthusiastic that I came here, and I 'suah' am glad."—"Oh! there's been a girl from the Mount ever since the College was opened, so, of course, I couldn't break the record"—"I've always been with Ursulines and I didn't want to change now"—and so the reasons run and all equally powerful.

10. Earliest Arrivals—Languages—

All the members of the group claim English as the mother tongue, and each section considers its own particular dialect the purest. Helen cherishes the utmost contempt for the New Yorkers' use or dis-use of the letter "r." Her "r's" are strong enough to roll down a hill. "Sim" never knew till she came North that there was such a letter as "r" in the alphabet. Marie can't possibly understand why people should differentiate so sharply in the pronunciations of "earl" and "oil." Sadie invariably "scotched" her "respectability" when she ironed it, and she couldn't for the world put it "awn."

Even some of the Connecticutites show a tendency in the direction of "caows" and "haouses" though the Professor of Oral English considers them remarkably free from "localisms."

11. Earliest Arrivals—(Religious Customs and Worship)—

All sects unite in the worship of one Augusta Trigonometry who was born on September 28, 1908, and died January 27, 1909. On the evening of the latter date, shortly before midnight, she was interred by the Class with appropriate ceremonies in Willow Grove, in Campus Cemetery. The first anniversary of the date, witnessed their attendance at the ceremony of her apotheosis and reception into the celestial regions. The following year a neighboring tribe was invited to the memorial services, which were held in Simpson Temple, but so disrespectful and disedifying was the conduct of this tribe that the Goddess was incensed beyond measure, and her followers felt called upon to avenge the insult offered their deity. On January 27, 1912, they assembled solemnly in Willow Grove, and on a snow pyre erected for the purpose, they offered with impressive invocations and solemn ritual—a large burnt sacrifice. The Goddess was appeased—the insult avenged!

12. Earliest Arrivals—(Politics)—

"1912" did not manifest a strong interest in politics until Junior and Senior Year when it formed the Economic and Sociological Clubs (perhaps because its first two years had been taken up with the adjustment of the political situation in its own class).

But in Junior and Senior Years many red-hot politicians sprang into being. Gladys was a Socialist (and that, too, despite the long treatise on Socialism Father read). Mary Smith was interested in the Labor and Capital problem and her motto was "Much may be said on both sides." John belonged to the Popular party, that is, she swore allegiance to the side that was winning in debate. Mazy was an independent, yet she believed and practiced "boss rule," but Julia, they say, was the hottest of all. Politics was the breath of her being, but she abused her idol sometimes—for the sake of argument. On the Labor question she was always is earnest, but on such questions as Socialism, Suffrage and the like—(I blush to tell it), she sometimes listened for a second to hear which side the professor and his followers advocated and then—swung to the opposite side, knowing she was sure of a good argument.

13. Later Arrivals—

(From where, when, why?—Language, Religion, Customs and Worship—Occupation? Politics?)

In the second year of the community's establishment at New Rochelle, Catherine arrived from another community, the "Immaculatas" in Pennsylvania. She came primarily to take notes on every educational subject offered during her sojourn and secondarily to acquire the degree conferred upon all the members of the Community who have fulfilled certain requirements.

Social activities did not enter at all into Catherine's plans, but then, she was a postulant, and followed faithfully prescribed religious customs and worship. She looked after the sick, and rose early every morning for Mass and I am ashamed to say that by continual knocking she forced the other inhabitants of Cottage "23" to rise also. She refrained most of the time from being drawn into political discussions, though she was a member of the foremost political organizations, that is, the Sociology Club, and the "23" Kitchen Club.

Roberta allied herself to the Community in the beginning of its third year. In temperament she was a strong contrast to the placid Catherine. Roberto came from France—as the members of the Community had every reason to know. She spoke English well, and French beautifully, and she could sing in French, too, or at least she did.

Mary O'Brien came in the beginning of the same year. Her political sympathies she never disclosed, tho' she informed us once in Sociology Club that "she was for Harvard, too, but——"

14. Present Composition—

(By Age, Class, Sex, Nationality.)

The twenty members who at present constitute "1912" range in age from twenty to twenty-five years—I believe. The only available means of arriving at information are the statistics filed in the Registrar's office, and the members of the Sociology Club (who remember the Message concerning statistics that "the Moving Finger writ" on the board, and quickly erased), know just how much faith is to be placed in those enlightening records.

Class distinction is very pronounced in this group—those who sit in the front row in a course are the Brahmins, those in the second and third, the warriors and merchants, and those in the back row, the Pariahs. But "once a Brahmin, always a Brahmin" does not follow in the caste system of "1912." On the contrary, the Brahmin of the Island of English may find herself a Pariah on Mathematics Bay.

15. Desires and Purposes—

FOR INDOLENT EASE.

At times the impression has prevailed that the chief desire of the leader of the Community is for indolent ease, but no positive information could be obtained.

FOR COMFORT.

During "1912's" entire sojourn no ascetics have applied for admission to the group.

FOR WEALTH.

To "1912's" credit be it said, that as a whole, the pursuit of wealth never allured them. Gold, except as a means to a worthy end, offered no attractions. But it must be acknowledged that all the members cannot lay claim to this reputation. Julia and Florence in the very first year combined forces, and made gold the object of their pursuit. The second and third year, only Agnes and Mazy, as class treasurers, engaged in this unlovely occupation, but those who had once fallen under the sway of the Gold Goddess could not escape and in their last year Mazy, as Business Manager of the Year Book, Agnes as Quarterly Business Manager and Julia as Advisory Board Treasurer, again appeared as greedy gold chasers.

FOR RESPECTABILITY.

The pursuit of the "respectability" in this group may be said to be intensive rather than extensive, for its reign is but a fleeting one, lasting only from twenty-five minutes to nine until nine o'clock. "Sim," Helen and Julia have (ex-officio) given more time to this pursuit than the rest of the Community.

FOR DISTINCTION.

"1912" has a peculiar aversion to distinctions of certain kinds and particularly individual distinctions. Honor Rolls, prizes, et cetera, are particularly repugnant to it, but 90% has always been rated at its true value. And most of the members have shown a marked proficiency in attaining this honor. However, to give "1912" its cup of happiness full, two basket ball victories were pursued.

"TO PROVIDE FOR A FUTURE LIFE."

An overwhelming desire to pass the New York City "exams" and thus provide for the near future afflicts some of the members. Others desire ardently to avoid the Maxwellian mysteries, and to train the youth of suburban towns and adjacent states. Still others desire to exhibit their skill and knowledge in domestic fields.

16. How far does the Community depend on Relations?—

Since the commercial and industrial opportunities presented entail the distribution of money rather than its accumulation, "1912" though living a strict community life, has always considered it provident to remain in close touch with relations, especially of the parental order.

17. How far on Strong and Influential Friends?—

A connection with a trustee or benefactor of the institution has here as elsewhere many advantages. "1912's" fairy god-mother, however, forgot to establish this connection. Realizing the mistake when the ceremony was over, she strove to make all the atonement in her power, by bestowing upon it a staunch friend in an important member of the faculty.

18. How far on Supernatural Power—

"1912" has been noted, especially during its first two years, for its dependence upon Supernatural Powers. This dependence has been particularly marked about the time of the

mid-year meet, and it has been manifested by such signs as vows, novenas and the like. Dot and Julia have a corner on the "vows" while the entire group (all sects) enter upon novenas. A striking example of dependence upon supernatural powers was manifested by John and her candle in her last year.

19. How far on Church going and Worship?—

The majority of the members belong to one sect and attend regular Community service Sunday morning at the ungodly hour of 6.30. In addition they are faithful in their attendance at two extra services known as "Sunday night office" and "Sodality Morning." A gold cross of exclusive design is bestowed upon such members as have faithfully attended these services for four years.

20. How far on Educational Opportunities?—

Since "1912's" first aim is the sociological, physiological and psychological development of its members, great importance is attached to the educational opportunities presented. Courses to the amount of eighteen hours per week are prescribed and numerous electives are offered. In addition lectures on "Journalism," "Heroines of Shakespeare," "The Place of the Voice in Singing," "How I passed the City exams," "What Dr. Maxwell said to me," "How I manage my school," "Moving Pictures as a Form of Art," "The Wonderland of the Telephone," and many such enlightening and edifying topics are lectured upon by prominent personages in the Auditorium.

21. Crises of Importance —

The first important event in the history of 1912 came on February 27, 1909, when it met and defeated by a score of 12-11, a neighboring community, "1911," in a most exciting game of basket ball. This victory established 1912's place at New Rochelle. Now the members looked forward with great interest to Field Day, hoping to repeat their victory. Alas! the Fates willed otherwise! A heavy fall of rain completely put out the flame of their hopes, and made the Field Day an impossibility. Mayhap 'twas just as well—a fall of another sort might have just as easily quenched the flame.

The following year "1912" put "1913" through its paces, at a very enjoyable hazing, and later, lest '13 still be obstreperously inclined, vanquished them by a score of 15-6, in the mid-year Basket Ball game. Soon after, though, Fortune, who had been abiding with 1912, deserted to '13 and in the Field Day contests, which materialized that year, the latter class showed 1912 what it could do, to the tune of 26-24.

In the Junior Year "1912" had the pleasure of welcoming its sister class, 1914, and a mighty nice little sister it has shown itself. There may be such a thing as too much sister class spirit, but "1912" wouldn't part with a bit of it. As a class, 1912 did not engage in Athletics this year, but it had the honor of giving the first varsity team its Peggy as Captain.

At the end of this year, 1912 saw its erstwhile enemy, but long-time friend, 1911, bid farewell to New Rochelle and saw it with a very sad heart.

And then came Senior Year—and how short it seemed! Almost immediately 1912 began work on its Year Book, that precious Year Book with its Slogan, "We'll work it over."

1912, too, had a strong claim on the Varsity this year. Peggy was again Captain and with the exception of one "Junior" the entire team were Seniors. So the outcome of the Varsity game meant even more to the latter.

And then after Easter came the theatre party that 1914 gave her sister class on April 24th, in New York. Words can't do justice to it—but then 1912 always knew that she had just the nicest Sister class imaginable.

22. Present Status—

While the life of the Class of 1912 is a proof that individuals may live together as a Community, with pleasure and profit to themselves and neighboring groups, still in its conclusion the history shows the ephemeral quality of all such institutions. "Time Up" has been heard and the call of other worlds to be lived in is forcing this group to disorganize. Aheady preparations for departure are in progress and soon the class of 1912, only partly consoled by the bachelor'shood over its shoulders and the imposing parchment in its hand, will take a reluctant departure from the College of New Rochelle, with many a fond glance back at the "dear old Castle."



Ethel C. Baptiste
"John"

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Erasmus High School, '08



*"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."*

Every college has its John.
But no college ever had quite so unique a John as ours:—
So improvident,
Idealistic,
Aesthetic,
Careless,
And happy-go-lucky a John as ours.

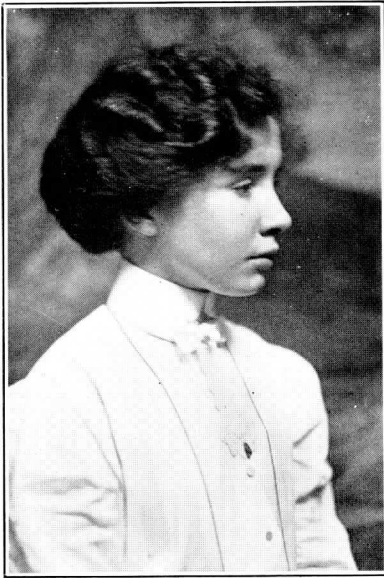
*"But her voice is still living, immortal,
The same you have frequently heard,
In your rambles in valleys and forests,
Repeating your ultimate word."*



Mary F. Brady
"Mazy"

New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Castle, '08



*"Thou hast faced many things—face not me;
Thou hast braved many men—brave not me;
I will neither be faced nor braved."*

Is there any bit of the early history of the Castle with which you are not fully acquainted?

If so, Mazy is the source to which you should go for information.

For she has been here from the day the seminary opened and she remembers every nun, every girl, every episode of the whole—how many years is it? She'll know!

From that day to this, the only persons who can hold a grudge against Mazy are those who do not understand her.

There are some who say her pretensions are much greater than her inches warrant.

But then, that isn't saying very much, is it?

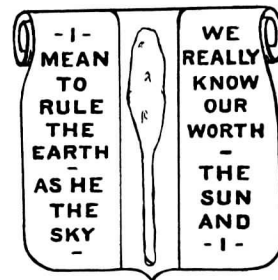
'Cause there aren't many inches to Mazy.

We of her class understand her, however, and would cheerfully give up our last cent to her

If she demanded it for the Class treasury, or calenders, or Year Books, or pictures.

Not that Mazy ever would make such demands

But we are just supposing—.



Sara C. Callen
"Sadie"

Bristol, R. I.

Cult Memorial High School, '08



*"Up roos the sonne and up roos Emelye
And to the temple of Diane gan hye."*

Do you remember the day she packed her suitcase and declared she was going home for good?

She was always frightening us with that threat, the little villain.

For we never could have spared her, with her low voice and her sweet manner, her strict sense of honor and her unselfishness!

True, there was a regular volcano pent up in her.

(Though you never would dream it, the way her hair curled around her temples.)

The volcano had very occasional eruptions.

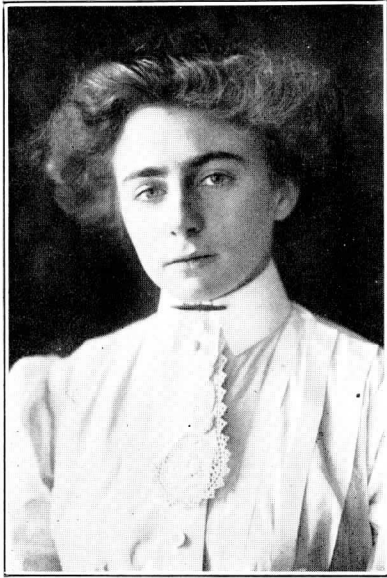
But we couldn't have spared them, either!



Gladys M. Dering

Yonkers, N. Y.

Yonkers High School, '08



"O, this learning, what a thing it is!"

If genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, no one will deny that Gladys is a genius—

In fact we are all convinced that she has many of the qualities which none but geniuses possess, and we are certain that she will at some future time do something to make 1912 famous.

She has already made her name immortal to the New York Trolley-Car Advertisement Reading Public.

But after various experiments, Gladys has decided not to sing or dance on to the stage of world renown.

She has learned that her cue is—"write."



Mary I. Doran
"May"

Yonkers, N. Y.

Yonkers High School, '08



"Wonder makes you wander."

May's character must have been well-formed before she came to college, for she hasn't changed a bit.

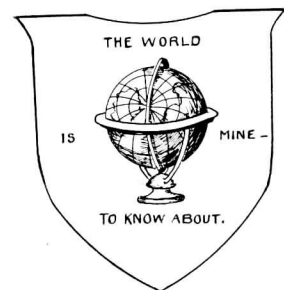
She still sits in her corner of the locker room, between periods, with a massive volume in her lap and sixteen others in the suitcase beside her.

When the bell rings for class, she still descends to the history room, with the seventeen books in her arms.

She's the same May who began to worry about her philosophical thesis four years ago, and she goes off into the same quaint, curious speculations—speculations that are too deep for the rest of us!

And yet, May is not a "grind."

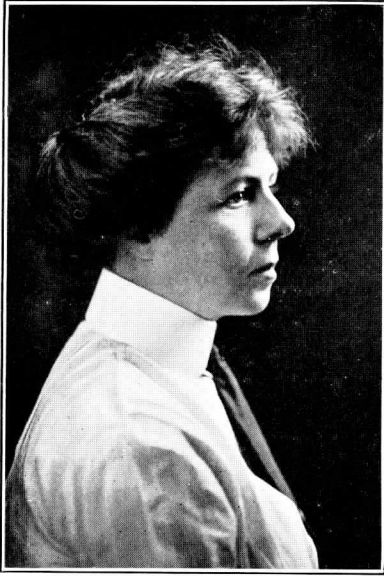
And she has the "saving sense" in a generally unsuspected degree.



Roberta McL. Figuet
"Bobbie"

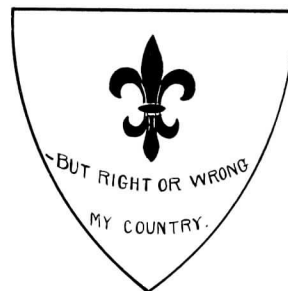
Paris, France

Brown County, '04



"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?"

There was no one who could concoct fancy costumes like Roberta.
She always carried off the prize at the Hallowe'en Masquerade.
But she could never disguise her nationality. It was against her principles.
No one could ever misunderstand Roberta's principles. She does not whisper them to the walls.
She is generous with them.
But then, Roberta is noted for her generosity.



Helen M. Kountz

Toledo, Ohio

Ursuline Academy, '08



"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off."

When Miss Lochinvar came out of the West (for Ohio is West, notwithstanding the natives' positive assertions to the contrary), she brought with her—well, what is there that she didn't bring?

Certainly not literary ability!—for wasn't she Editor-in-Chief of the *Quarterly*, and Literary Editor of *Annales*, and couldn't she always be counted upon to write bright and individual papers in Alpha Alpha, even on *Scholasticism*? (To be sure the papers might not always have been tactful, but then Miss Lochinvar wasn't noted for her tact.)

And it couldn't have been musical ability!—for she was a recognized authority on musical matters in the college, and at recreation she was chained to the piano-bench, for the entire hour, by repeated "Ah, just one more, Helen, please!"

And least of all was it a capacity for friendship—for "her friends loved her and had faith in her" to an infinite degree.

Yet, as I think of it, there were two things that she didn't bring with her, and she didn't succeed in acquiring them throughout the four years.

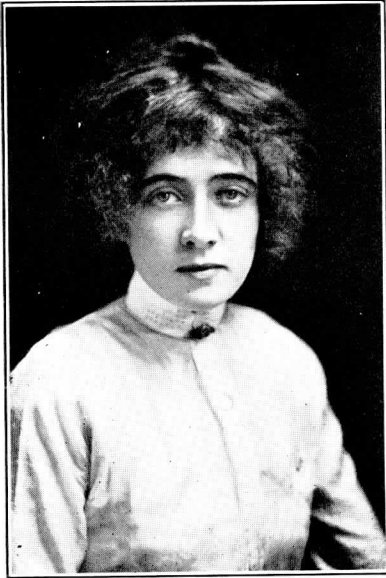
She simply *could not* get to chapel on time! And she never overcame the habit of reading her letters straight through the second period!



Marie E. Leahy
"M'ree"

New York City.

The Castle, '08



"And never noted in him any study."

Everybody liked Marie.

The Mistress liked her, though she never came back on time.

The Freshmen liked her, though she never encouraged them.

Father Halpin liked her, though she never got 99 in Logic.

I liked her, too, chiefly because of her perpetual good temper, her gameness, and her marvellous way of making a basket from center.

The twins liked her because of her sportsman-like qualities.

But, chiefly, because of her frankness.



Catherine C. Loftus
"Kate"*

Scranton, Pa.

Mount St. Mary's, '04



"They call me Katharine that do talk of me."

Catherine had a black dress, and Titian hair, and a conscience.
And three hundred note books, all full.
How we visited her when exams. were nigh!

No matter what electives you were taking, Catherine was taking them, too,—pen
in hand.

She never missed a chance to get in an extra course,
and, strange to say, her weight increased with her schedule.

Personally (this is a great secret), I asked her once,
in a reckless mood, to waste just *one* minute.

And she accepted!

*When she's not around.



Agnes L. Murphy
"Dot"

Irvington, N. Y.

Irvington High School, '08



"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

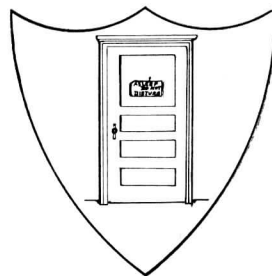
Dot went in strenuously for everything.

No party ever waxed boresome with Dot as chairman of the entertainment committee!

She was just the same in Athletics—1912 never had such an archer as Dot was when she was Sophomore president.

And when it came to the miracles and moralities, there was no phazing *her* on an obsolete word! Her life work is clearly mapped out.

For the benefit of future Senior Classes, she must edit Vol. III.!



Mary O'Brien

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Mynderse Academy, '08



*"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary."*

We grew to think she had been always with us—except when she expatiated on the immensity of the grounds at St. Mary's.

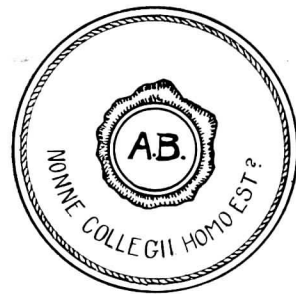
(Which wasn't by any means the "tactfullest" thing to do!)

Gradually, however, she ceased even to mention St. Mary's, for New Rochelle had cast its spell around her and claimed her for its own.

And in her quiet way, she in turn claimed her place in our affections, from the lowest even unto the highest (particularly the latter!).

Then what a splendid postman she made! Never had any class a more faithful one.

But then Mary always had a warm feeling for the seal and stamp of the college mail!



Agnes G. O'Reilly
"Naomi"

Bridgeport, Conn.

Mount St. Joseph Seminary, '08
Hartford, Conn.



*"Thou hast the patience and the faith of
Saints."*

For three years she was always the same
Never growing lazier
Nor livelier
Nor more vulnerable
Never knowing that we of her class had a certain pride in possessing a girl who
had sown no wild oats.

But the fourth year there came a temptress with tales
of a wild life of love and adventure.

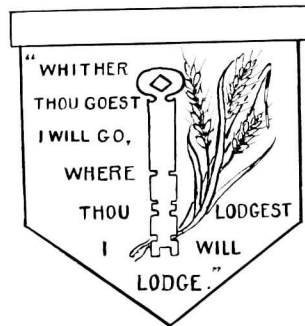
"Come, live with me and be my love," said the
temptress.

"It will be your trio and my trio together."

The temptress had a quick, enticing voice.

And Agnes went away with her.

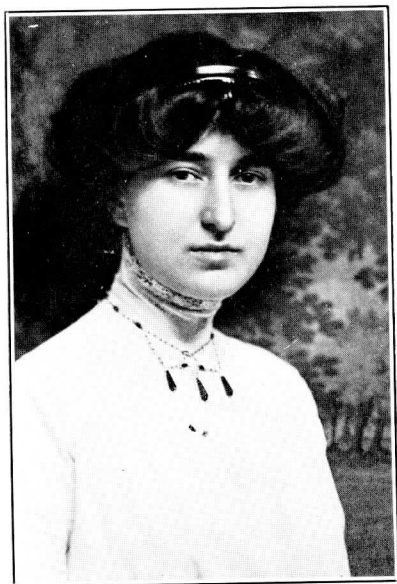
She has never come back.



Helen F. Sherwood

Port Chester, N. Y.

Port Chester High School, '08



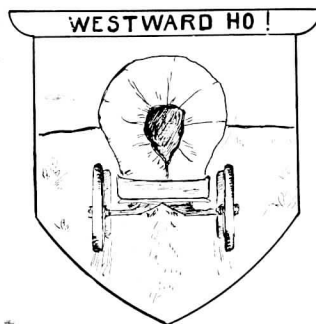
*"I'll not be tied to hours or 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons, as I please myself."*

After the experience gained as Class Secretary, Helen is now well qualified to accept a similar position in the Swiss Navy

That is, if she does not accept the chair of Port Chester History and Topography in some State College

Helen's skill in "cutting" and sewing is only equalled by her use of adjectives—adjectives that are always raised to the nth power.

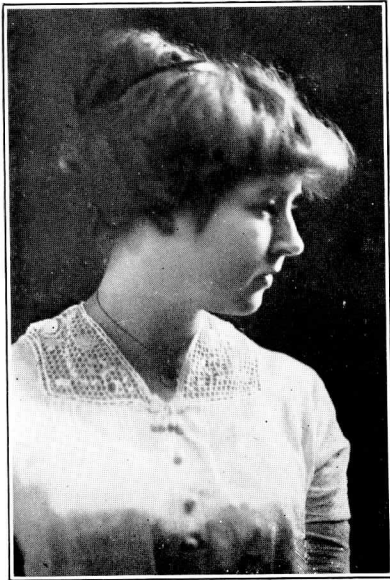
Nevertheless, Helen represents the Senior Class in the Mandolin Club and only one of her own adjectives could describe the sweetness of her playing.



Mary A. Simpson
"Sim"

Dallas, Texas.

Ursuline Academy, '08



*"Thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers."*

Mary had the richest, sweetest, most luscious voice—like Southern sugar cane!
You couldn't help liking her after you'd heard that voice and felt the graciousness of her gentle ways.

Sometimes you might have an awful temptation to kick her shins, violently, just to see if she *could* lose her sweet equilibrium.

But you always felt that she was one of the very nicest girls in college—

You wanted to take her home with you and show her off to your family.



Mary H. Smith

Hartford, Conn.

Hartford High School, '08



"And Frensh she spaḱ ful faire and fetisly."

Mary's little vacations were quite as much a part of the college calendar as commencement week or finals.

And if a term went by without her tour to Washington—

If she let the year pass, going home to the seven other little Smiths only at the times specified by the catalogue—

If she came back on time after the summer, or Christmas, or Easter vacation—

We all had a strange feeling, a vague impression that something was wrong.

But when she finally arrived she always wore her prize smile

Which somehow made everything right.

Or, perhaps it was her little cerise bow, or her mathematical genius in figuring out profit and loss

That saved her from taking cut exams.



J. Bibiana Stark
"Bina"

Stamford, Conn.

Laurelton Hall, '08



*"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long, as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed
it with sighs.*

** * * * Would you know the spell?"*

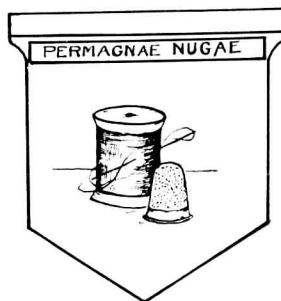
Her life was like a quiet river, flowing beside the turbulent torrent of her roommates' careers.

Many a midnight secret she buried beneath her counterpane, and wrote above it the inscription, "The Wise are Silent."

But the roommates used to disapprove volubly of her fondness for the snowy expanse under the counterpane.

They would call her regularly for Mass when it was neither Sunday nor Tuesday morning.

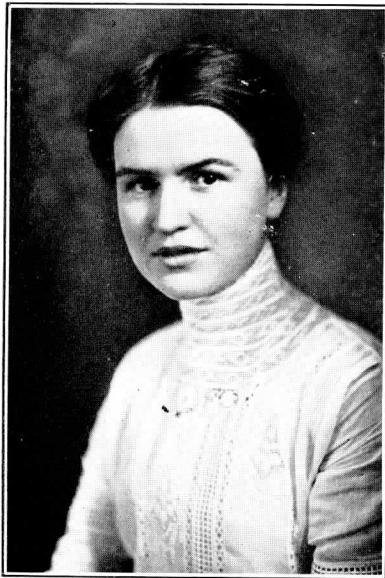
The only result was to make her sleep the longer.
(Like Rip Van Winkle.)



Julia F. Sullivan

Meriden, Conn.

Meriden High School, '08



"She had only to listen a few minutes to be drawn into a contest, and thus it is that one hot politician makes many among women."

How Julia made her brilliant scholarship record, none knew, for she never did any work.

True, she set night-lines for naps (while the rest of us pored over the Latin dictionary) and invariably caught one. Often two. Sometimes three.

While regularly, around exam. time, she stayed up all night to write an essay, or mayhap, a drama.

And yet she always found time for the Advisory Board

And the Sodality.

And the Quarterly.

And the Year Book.

And the Varsity.

And College Meetings.

And any other excitement.

With a little time over for music.

(Though she was not in the Glee Club.)



Marguerite I. Tait
"Peggy"

Yonkers, N. Y.

Yonkers High School, '08



*"Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning."*

What a joy she was in Athletics!

Will you ever forget the way she had of tossing back that mane of hers, dodging her guard, and throwing one basket after another?

How annoyed she was if the ball didn't go in quite neatly enough to suit her!
(As if we of her class cared *how* it went in just so it was a "goal.")

But then, neatness and Peggy are inseparable—you know her writing—

She is painstaking to an affliction, poor Peggy!

But the affliction has kept up her record as a student—you could never imagine her debarred from a team on account of scholarship conditions.

That is because she has lived up to the title "38" gave her in Freshman year.

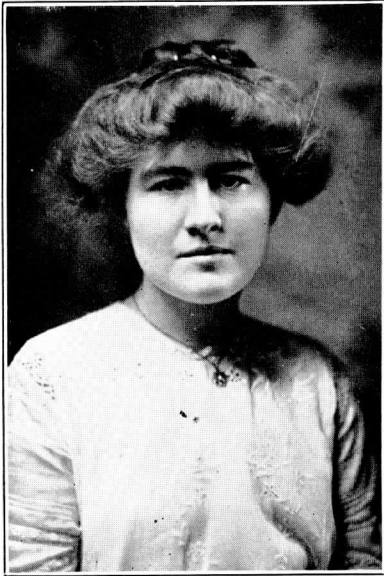
She is "an all-round college girl."



Hazel S. Toohey
"Haaz"

Meriden, Conn.

Meriden High School, '08



*"But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight."*

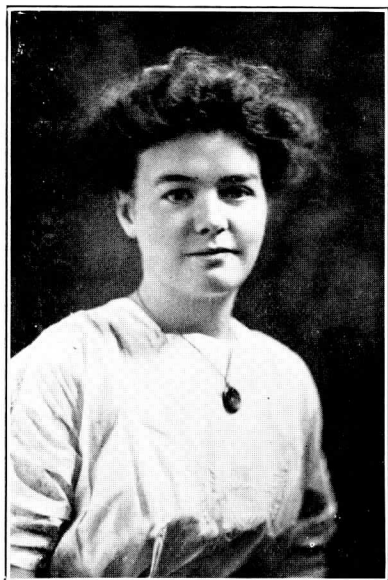
The Freshmen adored her
They followed her in little bands.
Hazel was their Queen.
And no wonder, for she had a voice like a bell
And she could play Petruchio like Sothern
And she always had a smile
And a dance for them.
Besides, she possessed a potion of black magic.
But they say she threw this away in her Senior year.



Nora F. Walsh
"Ruth"

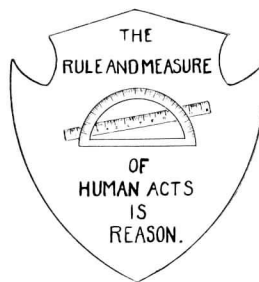
New York City.

Morris High School, '09



"I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly."

We christened her Ruth before she came.
It was in Freshman year, just after midyears.
And Ruth she remained, but not Naomi's Ruth!
She soon revealed her hobbies, and they were pussy cats and brown-eyed Susans
and high soprano voices.
Later on, she showed a strong leaning toward Coppens.
But that was in her Senior year, when there were no
more pussies, or brown-eyed Susans, or high soprano voices.





FRESHMAN

REMINISCENCE

PARTY

November 8, 1911

1

Alas! that we should ever sigh,
"When we were Freshmen."
O, happy, happy days gone by—
When we were Freshmen!
We cut nor feared the Mistress' frown,
And daily all went up to town,
No Advisory Board could call us down
When we were Freshmen!

3

We sometimes looked at Wentworth's Trig,
When we were Freshmen;
'Twas not considered form to "dig,"
When we were Freshmen.
For Barrett Wendell we weren't strong,
And we never stuck to Livy long,
I guess we thought all authors wrong,
When we were Freshmen.

2

Who ever wore a collar "high"
When we were Freshmen?
There was no "regulation" tie
When we were Freshmen.
We never stayed up half the night
To make that gown and skirt hang right
With just the exact amount of white—
When we were Freshmen!

4

We never had to break a rule,
When we were Freshmen;
St. Angela's was a ruleless school,
When we were Freshmen.
Now all who would again be free
Please come on Wednesday next to tea,
In Bina's room, at half-past three,
And we'll be Freshmen!

—Year Book Staff.



IN FRESHMAN YEAR

1912's Basketball Team

M. LEAHY,	Captain
V. CURREN,	Manager
H. TOOHEY,	Jumping Center
M. LEAHY,	Running Center
M. SIMPSON,	Guard
V. CURREN,	Guard
E. BEECHINOR,	Forward
M. TAIT,	Forward





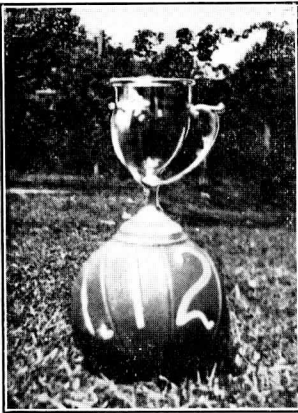
*"For there never
was a mascot
just like Daisy."*



The team
that was

never

defeated.



1912's Track Team



"GET SET!"

HURDLES—1912 vs 1913

Track Captain—B. Stark. Manager—M. Brady.

Running High Jump—B. Stark, M. Tait, M. Leahy.

100-yd. Dash—M. Tait, H. Sherwood, M. Leahy, V. Curren.

Shot-Put—M. Tait, M. Leahy.

120-yd. Hurdles—V. Curren, M. Tait, M. Leahy.

Tennis—M. Tait, V. Curren.

Archery—A. Murphy, V. Curren, M. Tait.

1912's Baseball Team



"PLAY BALL!"

1912 vs. 1913.

Captain, M. Leahy

Manager, M. Brady

Pitcher, V. Curren

Third Base, M. Simpson

Catcher, M. Tait

Short Stop, F. Quinlan

First Base, M. Leahy

Center Field, H. Toohey

Second Base, J. Sullivan

Left Field, H. Sherwood

Right Field, B. Stark

Field Day—1910



"COMPANY—ATTENTION!"

Military Tactics (U. S. ARMY REGULATIONS)

RICARDO C. MANRIQUE
Commanding



1908-09



1909-10

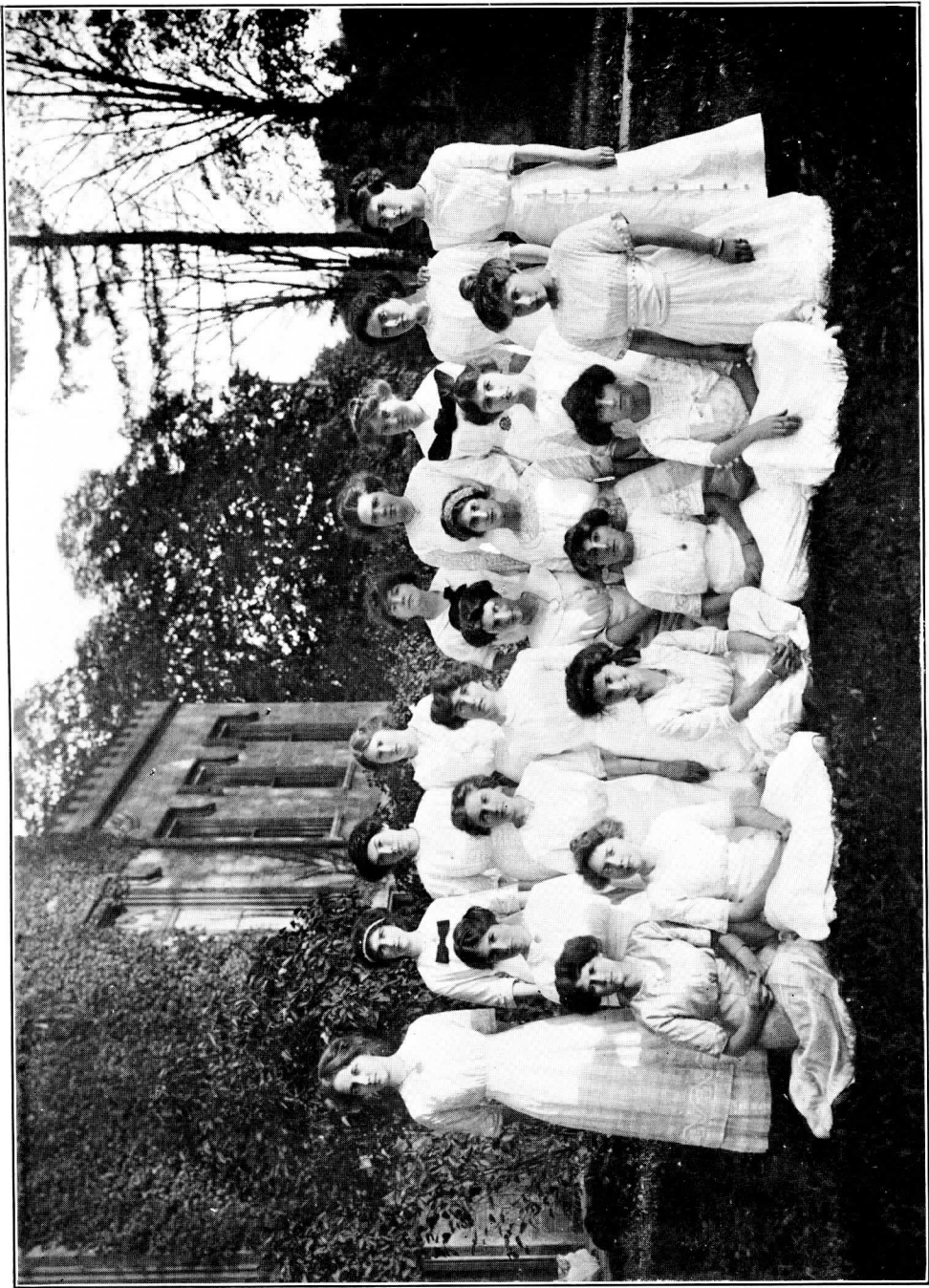


1910-11



1911-12

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS WE HAVE KNOWN



CLASS OF 1913

Junia

A Gothic Romance

THE "Castle" was situated some fifty odd miles from the great city. It reared its stately form above the trees in the midst of expansive grounds, its ivy-covered towers and moss-covered belfries extending high and dark against the sky. On the night that witnessed the first act of this eventful history, the cold October wind moaned fitfully around the lonely turrets, and dead leaves whirled in mad delirium across the deserted paths. Dark shadows moved weirdly among the creaking old trunks with their bare arms stretched out in the wind, and far in the distance could be heard the angry sea furiously lashing again and again over the impressionless rocks. Between the pauses of the wind, a low, hoarse, horn-like voice uttered a monotonous and melanco'y groan making the flesh creep and the blood curdle.

Suddenly, down the lonesome path came a stern, black-capped female of large proportions, leading, or rather, forcibly dragging along a beautiful girl. Alas! this was Junia, though hardly to be recognized! Her features were bathed in tears and she seemed to suffer the utmost distress. A habit of startling green was hastily thrown about her shoulders, and a square cap of the same color adorned her head. Her beautiful hair hung down in two limp tresses which were cruelly knotted with coarse, green calico. She sank at the feet of her stern and relentless captor, and with supplicating eyes that streamed with tears seemed to implore pity. But alas! none was afforded her! She was hurried down the path and into a grim stone building whose heavy door clanged hopelessly behind her. Up several flights of stairs was the luckless maiden dragged, and there in a large chamber she was forced to prostrate herself on the ground, her tearful eyes covered with a coarse bandage, and with her lovely nose, she was obliged to hasten the progress of a small walnut over the floor amid the heartless jeers and unseemly mirth of her haughty captor.

But Junia's sufferings were not long unmitigated. Her very distress gave her a captivating sweetness, and in due time, a charming girl, who had for some time been incarcerated at the "Castle," adopted her as a sister. Then indeed did Junia resign herself to the influence of sweet affection, and she lived in comparative happiness with this maid of sensibility. Once, some months later, she was brought into open contest with her original enemy, and in a game of Basket-Ball, she was overcome. But the sweet and tender solicitude of her adopted sister soon nursed her back to strength, so that she was enabled to vanquish her rude opponent in the Spring Meet.

Meanwhile her understanding was cultivated with the most scrupulous care. Professor Ryan gave her a general view of the sciences, and initiated her into the mysteries of Chemistry and Alchemy. Miss Naughton developed her natural love of art and taught her the technical exactness of symmetry of form. Miss Bush gave her an exact acquaintance with Latin and English and introduced her to every part of elegant literature. Even Mrs. Davis, notably forbidding and unapproachable, and sternly selective in her material, took kindly to gentle Junia and instructed her in the art of correct speech so that she figured in three Shakesperian productions—"Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Much Ado About Nothing." Her instruction in music was carried on by the kindly Professor Pinto, and often in her leisure hours, the delicate girl would sing melancholy songs with a plaintive sweetness that touched all hearts, or play her violin or mandolin with exquisite grace and expression. Often, too, she would read and converse with Madame Gill or Monsieur Friediani in foreign languages, her careful utterance lending an especial charm to any tongue. Sometimes, when stern Winter gave place to gentle Spring, when the day's labor was done, Junia would walk with her friends in the ample shade of the chestnut trees, and more than once did she burst into poetic praise of the beauties of nature.

Alas! that this life of idyllic content and peace could not last forever! How fleeting are the pleasures of life! Surely this frail maiden might have dwelt in a tranquil haven, guarded from duplicity and unmolested by the rude blast of fortune, yet a little longer! It was not to be! Junia was deprived untimely of that tender, adopted sister and was cast sorrowfully and tremblingly alone upon the unsympathetic bosom of life, with no protecting arm to shelter her, and no kindly hand to guide her. Who can paint her solitude and desolation when, with failing steps, she wandered listlessly in and out of the gloomy rooms of that grim and lonely "Castle?" Moreover, her ancient enemy, the female of the black cap, grew at once more haughty and more domineering in the absence of that kindly elder sister. Dreary Winter with its chilly blasts once more enveloped the "Castle" in terrifying mystery. The well known groans, to which in happier days Junia had grown deaf, now echoed and re-echoed on the wind in a way that struck terror to her heart. Cold chills came over her when she passed through the shadowy halls and dark corridors. In vain did she struggle for peace and composure.

Late one night, she was troubled by groans of more than ordinary violence which sobbed and moaned on the wind. Her pulse faltered and her hair stood on end. Unable to bear the agony longer, she took a light and determined to examine the large and desolated hall. Downstairs she passed, with blanched cheek, terror lending her feet wings. Once in the hall her knees trembled and fear almost overcame her. Dark shadows lurked and mocked her in the corners; cold draughts swept past her threatening to extinguish her feeble candle; old pictures that had never impressed her before, now rattled against the old walls and terrified her in the weird light. Again and again the low, heart-rending groan moaned on the wind, swelling and dying away and

vibrating mockingly around the gloomy hall. Suddenly, in a dark corner, Junia found herself confronted with a large picture completely covered by a long light veil. She shuddered and tried to convince herself that the picture had been there always, but secretly she admitted that there had been no such picture earlier in the day. She tried to turn away, but the curious veil gave her no peace, and half fascinated, she sought the object from which she shrank in terror. Curiosity lent her courage, and with trembling feet she approached the picture. Holding the candle high, with a timid hand she lifted the veil, but instantly let it fall, and dropped senseless to the floor.

What was behind the mysterious veil? A complete representation of the plan for the new College Dormitory building, covered with a light cloth to protect it from the dust.

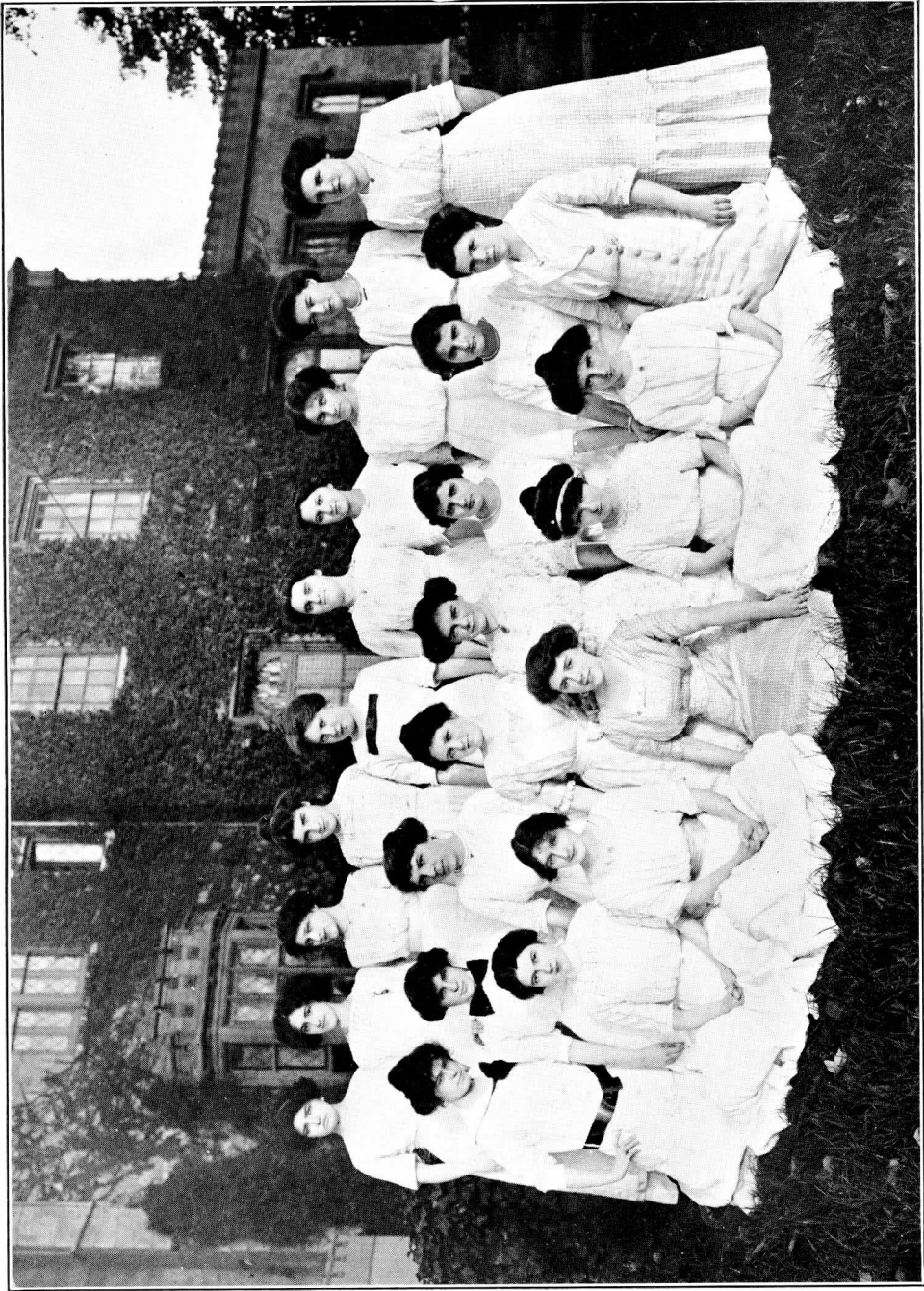
CLASS OFFICERS

1913

President.....	Edith M. Leeming
Vice-President.....	Mary Keating
Secretary.....	Mary A. O'Reilly
Treasurer.....	Anna Duffy



"Humbly we hope to be humanly hazed "



CLASS OF 1914



Extracts from the Diary of Sophuel Pepys

Sept. 26.—Up betimes for in the afternoon it did please God and my beloved parents that I with my sister should be placed in the College of New Rochelle, a young Catholic institution under the Ursuline Religious. At six my father, with us to the College, a very stately grey Castle with several old towers and exceeding fine furniture. The Castle is surrounded by many brave cottages, but not at all like itself in grandeur and fineness. Then bidding farewell to my father, we did go to dine at the Castle, where the Mistress of Discipline whose name is Mother DeSales, did receive us very kindly. At table we found ourselves in the midst of fully twenty-three others who were called Freshmen.

Sept. 28.—To-day a summons from the Sophomores to meet them in the Gym. Building which does lie between the Castle and my own Cottage. We assembling at half after nine, the Sophomores made ready to decorate us in green skirts and so as against braiding our hair unbecomingly did pull down our puffs and curls. In the morning, I with the others was given a large portion of vinegar and bread to eat which we did, choking all the while. These Sophomores then did walk us around the lawns again and again. Then to the summer house where one of my class on closely observing a certain Sophomore did call her “Old Rose” and “Rosewood” for she did have exceeding red hair, which she called “Titian.”

Sept. 30.—To supper to the Castle where my class was, and I did tell them to be with me at my cottage No. "58" at half after seven. Then coming home again to "58" found my class and we went all together into my room and there I told them plainly what my mind was to have them establish a precedent, this being the thing for every fine class of spirit to do. They did promise that they would, which did give me and mine some content and satisfaction. So to bed.

Oct. 1.—To the village to buy a red lanthorn and did leave order for twenty more to be laid aside. Then to Baker's Row where I did buy a brave cake and some cookies for that night. Meanwhile, Ruth was making a small black coffin and a fine black shroud, the material for which our House Mistress so kindly gave to her not knowing all the while that it was for the Hammer christened "Freshie Knocker." Staid up all the night waiting for the clock to sound twelve.

Oct. 2 (Lord's Day).—To Mass, there noticing how like the Hygienic Ice Company was my Mother De Sales' face. Strange I had never before noticed it in that light. From breakfast to my cottage where a Junior, Mistress Julia did come to tell me that she was sorry for what we had done for she had great fear that a very severe penalty was to fall upon us. In the afternoon, company came to our room, but that did not stop our Sister Claire from entering to tack up a pretty column of rules which she did bid me hereafter to observe. In the evening my Mother De Sales did summon us, and in a very genteel but firm way reminding us of what we had done the night before and looking straight at me, did remark that we should be a class of spirit, in other ways than pranks. Then more rules, and so to "58."

Oct. 14.—I rose, put on my gown with the flowing sleeves, having not lately worn any other clothes (for these caps and gowns are required here at this institution), and then to chapel where I did observe my class do look exceeding fine in their gowns and near white neck-cloths, which easily detached contrivances are here called "respectabilities."

Nov. 21.—To the Physical Training Building to practice Basket-ball, where our Lady Evelyn do assure us that we shall succeed at the meet, having in Mistress Marguerite and Ruth, two brave guards, herself and Frances McCart for goalers, an exceeding good jumping center in Mistress Lonergan and two good running centers in Alma and myself, with which I was exceeding pleased. I pray God, to keep me and them from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby.

March 19.—To the "Gym" (thusly they name the Physical Training Building here), where our class was to play the Sophomores. Our Mascot, an aeroplane, in which was a miniature aviator, borne in on the team's shoulders made an exceeding fine sight. The Sophomore's Mascot was Leo—a large dog owned by Father Halpin, which looked clumsy enough, but brought them success for we did lose by a score of 13-11 which did make our hearts exceeding heavy, so that many did weep full plenty.

Feb. 5.—The day very fine so to the village overtaking Mistress Letitia in her new spring bonnet which does become her mightily. To the "Exchange" where with Loretta Donlin and her sister who does resemble her exceedingly, I did lunch on toast and creamed chicken which was palpably veal. So to the Castle where I find there are great hopes of Caruso's coming.

March 20.—To-day I am told that about one o'clock the Freshmen contrary to custom did string their colors from pillars to post, up the flag pole and around the Administration Building, so that it did annoy some people mightily. To the Campus and observed how abominably the flag pole and Building look with yards of black and red, the red resembling in no wise the cerise it should. To bed praying for a heavy shower.

March 21.—This morning news was brought to me to my bedside, that there had been a great stir on the campus for during the snow and sleet of the night the colors had run. Later did come our mascot, a handsome Roman chariot gilded.

March 22.—To-night I am told that to-day about noon the Freshmen came again with a ladder, and did decorate against the custom of this institution. To-night our Alice and I out to burn down the colors which did make a brave bonfire at which I was full glad.

April 2.—To the first meditation of the Retreat when our Father Prendergast did talk on Visions and selected Jacob's ladder as an excellent example, telling how Angels ran up and down, it reminding me mightily of our Katherine. By this time my pew did shake for our Mistress Kate sitting next to me did perceive this vision clearly. Yet we retreated well.

March 25.—To the Castle to have our class picture taken for a book called "Annales," which the Seniors do publish. Staid past one o'clock seeming to take no account of our English Professor's waiting class against our arrival, and our Mother

Ignatius calling "Time Up" to Mr. Booth, the camera man; he did go and stand beneath the bay-windows, making a fair speaking Romeo; but we remaining after the time are campused for two weeks.

May 30.—Up betimes it being Decoration Day. To "23" where we did organize a band fitted out with flags and three by four inch drums and so marched around the Campus and after that to "23" where we heard Mistress Leahy with great applause upon this very gallant speech "William Bryan or How I was elected."

Sept. 25.—Back to New Rochelle on the Branch. Much business.

Sept. 29 —To the Castle where we did welcome our Freshmen with a Dunce Party, and where we were very merry and had with us the young girl that makes so well the rabbit faces. The discourse now-a-day is "what do you think of the Freshmen?"

Oct. 1.—This day it is one year since it pleased God that we should establish a precedent and we did resolve while we live to keep it a festival. But now it pleases God that we should be prevented for this day very foul all day for rain and wind.

Dec. 15.—To-night in the Physical Training Building we did give our play "The Silver Thread," an admirable little play exceeding well rendered, but the curtain acted in a most stubborn manner for our Patrick who was the power behind the curtain is not an expert. One-fourth of the Proceeds shall go by vote to the New Building that is coming next year. We shall be the first class to have given money to the said Building.

Jan. 22.—At night, Mistress Olive did come for me to go on a sleigh ride which our Freshmen were giving to us Sophomores. So off, full forty in one brave sleigh where sitting in the back I feared mightily of tumbling off, but shifting later, I did manage to get a better seat, so we all did make merry with songs and when our throats failed us we did toot our horns. Coming home again we went all together into the "Stoddard" hard by and there we did feast on a great store of "hot dogs" and brave doughnuts till I was for crying "enough!" And we drank also most admirable drinks of cocoa. A few dances and so home and to bed.

April 23.—Back now one week from a sojourn abroad, being all this time very busy against our going with our Seniors to the Play House in New York.

April 30.—This day did end our Spring practice at Marlin. By next Thursday being no longer encumbered by hard wood, we have great hopes of making better progress on the green campus.

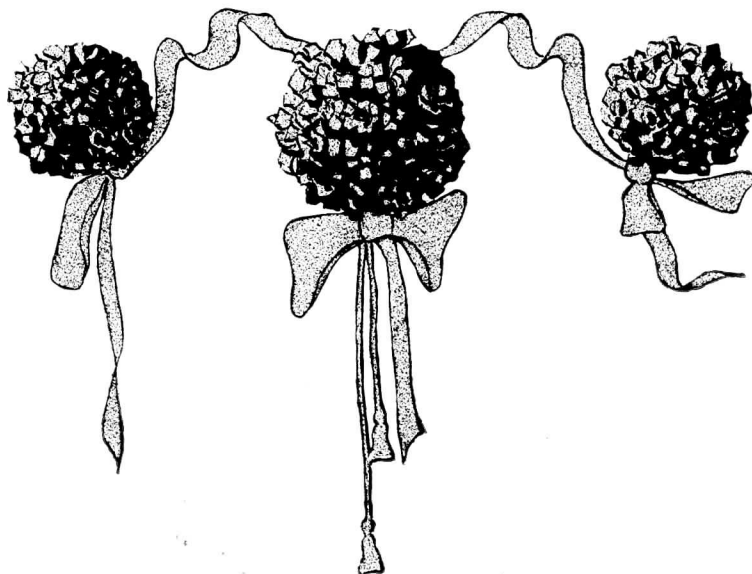
May 16.—Up betimes, and donned my black short clothes, with the fresh white collar which the laundress did send. These days being very busy, and we in great hopes of repeating our victory of last Field Day.

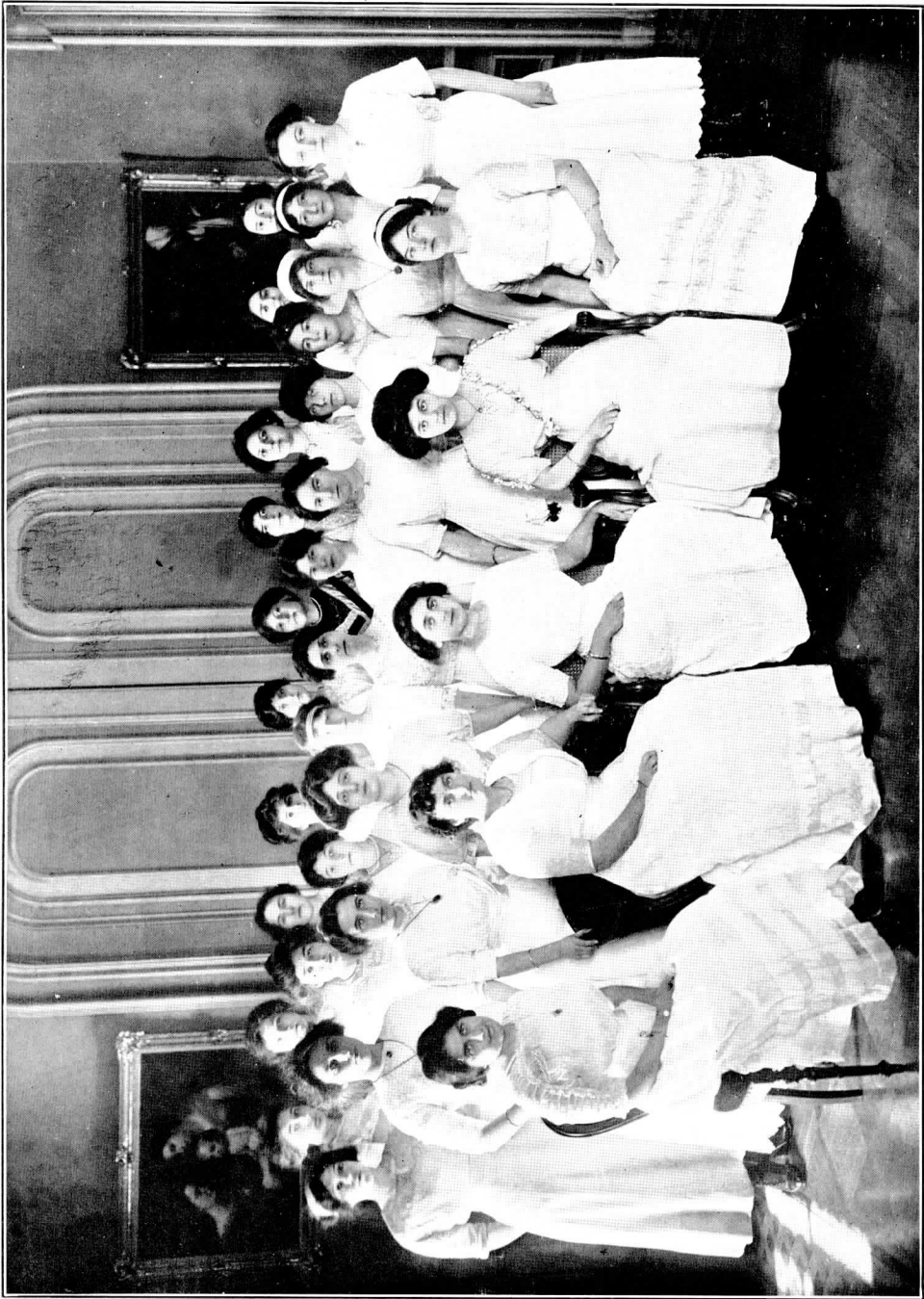
May 22.—This day did spend in getting a great store of addresses and giving many promises to write, which, God forgive me, I feel I will not.

CLASS OFFICERS

1914

President	Rose G. Feig
Vice-President.....	Katharine L. Finigan
Secretary	Julia O'Brien
Treasurer	Margaret Lonergan





CLASS OF 1915

The Freshmandal Invasion of New Rochelle

ON September 25, 1911, A. D., there occurred an inrush of barbarians in the country of New Rochelle. They were a wild tribe, thirty-four in number, and it was clear that they needed guidance. One Leemoderic, chief of the Juniorium tribe, looked with friendly eye upon the newcomers, introduced herself to them, advised them upon the form and policy of government, and promised that she and all her tribe would ever be staunch allies. The Freshmandals, as they came to be called, then chose the colors of their standard, black and cerise; they also chose a leader, Swiftarius, of distinguished and prepossessing appearance, under whose leadership they grew strong and courageous; then, too, they selected three assistants for their chieftain; Stackodorus, chief counselor, Ryanolen, who attended to the barter of the tribe, and McManusius, the chronicler.

The Freshmandals were not long left in peace, but were attacked by the hostile Sophogoths, who were secretly aided and abetted by a brother tribe, the Seniorvingians; we know little of the skirmish, but that the Sophogoths were the victors. The Freshmandal record of it is a rather "hazy" one. All along there existed a rivalry between these tribes, broken only in two instances, by the "Truce of God," where each tribe was the guest of the other; we shall speak later of the way in which they settled their difficulties.

It was about this time that Swiftarius, who had been in the Orient, undertook to direct his tribe in the preparation of an eastern bazaar. The Freshmandals then produced a counterpart of the Turkish bazaars at Constantinople, and from the report of Ryanolen we find that the profit of their barter amounted to quite a sum of our modern money.

One phase of life in the land of New Rochelle quite disconcerted, at first, the wild and carefree Freshmandals,—they were obliged to hunt their morning game before a certain hour, else the Ruler under whose control the country lay denied it to them. "One often saw," reads the "Chronicle" of McManusius, "the spectacle of Saleian the Great, august and invulnerable, and Freshmandal IV, or maybe it was the fifth one, suing for indulgence at the gates of Castleossa. Admittance was always justly and firmly denied, although at times relief was sent through a back entrance." We must speak here of the institution of feudalism in which many of the Freshmandals became involved. A Freshmandal would become the vassal of some leading spirit in another tribe; swear unswerving allegiance, pay homage, give feudal dues and offerings, and be entirely subservient to the will of this great lord. The system was not an ideal one: very often the vassals conflicted. Then rivalry ensued and the peace was disturbed. Feudalism gradually died out.

The date January 15, 1912, A. D., marks the rise of Scholasticism. The age of torture was not yet past; for a week the Freshmandals frantically sought after learning and the teachers of this new epoch imposed examinations. It is a point in question between the chroniclers of the day, whether or not the "lamp of the midnight oil" was invented at this period of the rise of scholasticism. It is certain that when scholasticism began the barbarian stage of the Freshmandals ended; they became less wild, respected learning more than formerly, and invited to their lands instructors from foreign parts, interesting, learned, and greatly to be revered, whose names have been the by-word for succeeding generations.

In the First Crusade the Freshmandals established a precedent and took an initiative step. They made a march from Cottagyria to Campedessa; unfortunately little else is known of the First Crusade, the dark secrets of that march have never been revealed; it was the only Crusade undertaken by the Freshmandals and all that we have on record is,—that it was successful.

On February 14, 1912, the friendly and ever faithful Junioriums invited the Freshmandals within their own territory, the Kingdom of Hearts, when they showed them every kindness and bounty.

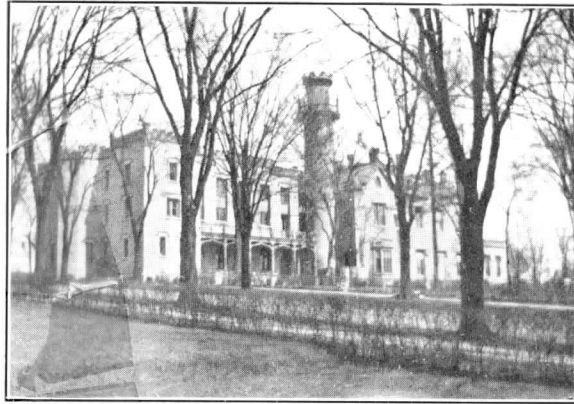
We come now to the rivalry of the Freshenstaufens and the Sophacy, the identical Freshmandals and Sophogoths, who had broadened, developed, and changed their names, but still cherished enmity for one another. But it has always been so. On March 21, 1912, they organized into representative bands of six, and by a strange coincidence, the leaders of both bands were called McMahonotto. The agreement was that these bands of six were to "meet" in conflict on March 23, 1912, A. D., and settle the supremacy of either nation. Mock tournaments, illustrative of the future "modus operandi" were held by both the Sophacy and the Freshenstaufens at Gymola.

On March 17, 1912, A. D., the Freshenstaufens met the Junioriums at the Council of Patrent, where they endeavored to show their appreciation for the never swerving loyalty of the Junioriums, and pledged undying brotherhood. A short time afterward, on May 1, there was a national peace conference at Campedessa, where the Seniorvingians, Junioriums, the members of the Sophacy and the House of Freshenstaufen all assembled. There a unity of the four nations was effected which was called the "Collegombard League"; but as June of the year 1912 drew near, the Seniorvingians withdrew from the league, reluctantly, it must be owned, and to the sorrow of the other members; however, they were to enter a larger field of labor. The Junioriums succeeded them, the Sophacy seized the position of the Junioriums and—the triumphant Freshenstaufens bore off the prize of the Sophacy.

CLASS OFFICERS

1915

President	Edith Swift	Secretary	Marie McManus
Vice-President	Alicerose Stack	Treasurer	Edwina Ryan



Alumnae

Officers 1912

M. A. McDONNELL, '08	President
E. C. ROGAN, '09	Vice-President
I. M. JENNINGS, '08	Recording Secretary
SISTER M. CEPHAS, '08	Corresponding Secretary
A. M. KEATING, '08	Treasurer

Alumnae Dance

April 23, 1912, Delmonico's, New York

Committee

IRENE M. JENNINGS, *Chairman*

Elizabeth Burr	Marion Hennessy	Agnes Keating
Mary Keating	Mary McDonnell	Rose McLoughlin



Charlotte Marion Bush

"Ave atque vale."

¶ She has given us generously of her mellow knowledge. Into her classes she has put charm and zest and humor, and into our hearts, all unconsciously, gratitude and affection.



The Saint Angela Quarterly

Published in October,
January, April and July

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THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

Annales

Published Annually by the
Senior Class of

The College of New Rochelle

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Commencement Week



Sunday afternoon,

Baccalaureate Sermon

Monday afternoon,

Class Day Exercises

Monday evening,

Glee Club Concert

Tuesday afternoon,

Conferring of Degrees

Wednesday morning,

Inter-Class Song Contest

Wednesday afternoon,

Campus Play

Thursday morning,

Senior Breakfast

Thursday afternoon,

Senior Reception

Friday,

Sodality Day

Saturday,

Field Day





"THE FANTASTICS"
Campus Play, June, 1911

College Calendar

Grand Reunion (5 P. M.).....September 25
 RegistrationSeptember 26
 Mass of the Holy Ghost.....September 27
 Freshman Welcome Party.....September 29
 Sophomores show freshmen their proper
 placeOctober 2
 Sodality electionsOctober 10
 Columbus Day (no holiday).....October 12
 Juniors learn the meaning of Alpha Alpha.
 Election of officers.....October 16
 Founder's Day. Tea—ergo rain....October 21
 Sophomore-Freshman Dance.
 (They say it was strictly formal—but no
 matter!)October 27
 October Quarterly appears.
 "Crisp comes the odor of fallen leaves
 burning"October 30
 Hallowe'en Masquerade, "Uncle Sam and
 maids from Japan—"October 31
 Feast of all Saints. Holiday.....November 1
 Freshman elections.....November 2
 Song recital, Clarence Wiley.....November 6
 "When we were freshmen!".....November 8
 Year Book Staff challenged Quarterly Staff
 to a basket-ball game.....November 9
 Roy McArdeall on Journalism and the Purple
 CowNovember 13
 Year Book—Quarterly game.
 Official score 17-4. Real score \$0.—
 \$20November 15
 Sothern and Marlowe rescued Methods
 ClassNovember 20
 Thanksgiving recessNovember 29
 First influx of College Seal steins....December 2
 Senior class entertained by Salvation Army,
 Heinz's pickles served.....December 5
 Freshmen bazaar. Slams and tele-
 gramsDecember 6
 Sodality Reception. Reign of Mob-
 capsDecember 8
 College lassoed by "The Silver Thread."
 December 15

College Christmas dinner. "Oh, we want
 to get you goin'—".....December 21
 Beginning of Christmas holidays...December 22
 End of Christmas holidays.....January 7
 College calendars for sale ("For sale is
 good.")January 8
 Giants versus Athletics.....January 10
 Community entertained by Thanhauser
 Co.January 11
 Freshman-Sophomore Sleigh-ride....January 17
 Alumnae—Cocoa in Stoddard Mansion. Janu-
 ary QuarterlyJanuary 20
 Pre-Midyearean Dramas. Exams. be-
 ginJanuary 22
 "I wonder where I fell!".....January 25
 Augusta TrigonometryJanuary 28
 Mother de Sales' Feast.....January 29
 "Small little button bags.".....February 2
 Willy-watting on the hill.....February 4
 "58" called (not hauled) to Inquisition
 ChamberFebruary 5
 College Meeting. Revival of "The best have
 fallen."February 7
 Ash Wednesday (on the hill).....February 8
 Midyear Play. No trunks.....February 10
 Lincoln's Birthday (again no holiday).
 Dinner party in the mansion for the
 castFebruary 12
 Junior-Freshman valentine party...February 13
 Readings from Shakespeare by Senator Towne
 (with personal touches).....February 19
 Colonial Ball. Southern dinner with Jack
 Horner pie.....February 20
 Ash Wednesday (on the calendar)...February 21
 Washington's Birthday (holiday!)..February 22
 "The Natural Law.".....February 23
 Scrubs versus Disabled Daughters of St.
 AngelaMarch 5
 The material reward for Alpha Alpha.March 7
 "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to
 drink."March 14
 Extraordinary sale of Quarterly soda..March 15

"Great Bear" to the rescue.....	March 16	May Doan cut chemistry <i>ex officio</i>	April 16
Freshman-Junior party. Castle Hall in		Last instalment of Year Book in hands of	
green—and for some weeks after-		printer	April 17
wards	March 17	Inte ment of Year Book Staff.....	April 18
"St. Joseph! St. Joseph!".....	March 19	Some Senior handed in \$50 worth of	
Cerise and black waved from tower and gym.		Natural Law.....	April 22
Snowed during the night, Colors ran.	March 20	Alumnae Dance. Fordham to the rescue,	
"Professor Ryan overcome."	March 21	five dollars per capita.....	April 23
Midyear Meet. Fine crop of vows.....	March 23	Clee Club concert.....	April 26
All Souls' day. Souls drawn and quar-		Sophomore-Senior theatre party. New York!	
tered	March 25	Night!	May 1
Retreat by Father Prendergast, S. J.....	April 2-5	Junior Plays	May 3
Ice cream. "They always come back."..	April 4	May-day	May 11
Everybody went home except the Year Book		Arrival of Year Books. Easter Sunday for	
Staff	April 6	the Staff	May 22
Registration? But the library was being		Commencement Week begins.....	May 26
done over.....	April 14	Finals	June 8
Will somebody "bag that blazer?"....	April 15	Summer vacation	June 15

Vacation comes and Vacation goes—

We meet in the hall with a smile and a kiss,
And long for the week-end and frown when we miss,
Then, all of sudden—it snows!

Alas! so deeply in pleasure we're sunk
So lightly we heed all injunctions to cram,
We only know Winter is come by exam.
We only know Winter is gone—by the flunk.

ON ALL-SOULS DAY.

"That soul looks like a frying-pan—or is it a violin?"



FATHER HALPIN AND LEO

Galpinisms

You are master of the word you do not say, but the word you let go is master of you.
The beginning is gone—but the end is coming.

The Lord isn't sitting on His throne with His foot out, waiting to trip people up.

"In certis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas; in omnibus, caritas."

"Sow an act, reap a habit. Sow a habit, reap a character. Sow a character, reap
a destiny."

Logic is merely practising on the tight rope of the mind.

Well, who's on the trapeze to-day?

It's all in your Coppens.

"Character is a completely fashioned will."

The rights of women—"to labor, love and pray,

Weep with those that weep, and watch when others sleep."

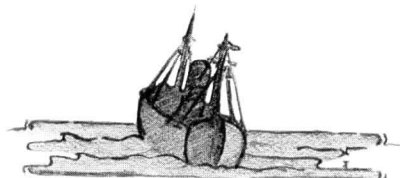
"God makes our features, we make our faces." And what faces we do make!

"Tempus est fluctus nunc in tunc."

Take things as they are, but hope for better.

Wonder makes you wander.

Find your own niche, fit it.



“9”



LOYALTY LODGE

*What's the matter with No. 9?
 Why, nothing's the matter. Do call!
 The house mistress there can give you the sign
 What's the matter with No. 9.
 The invalids there are treated so fine
 They don't want to get better at all.
 What's the matter with No. 9?
 Why, nothing's the matter. Do call!*

Gladys Dering, '12

Hazel Toohey, '12

Alicerose Stack, '15

Tink Curran, '14

Loretto Coyne, '15

Marie Langdon, '13

Rose Feig, '14

Edena Curry, '13

Sadie Raftery, '14

House Mistress, Mother Loyola.

"23"



ST. ANGELA'S

*I wouldn't live in twenty-three
For twenty thousand dollars,
They spend just hours laboriously
In doing up high collars.
And when they have them all "done up"
And hang them out to air 'em,
Some lucky idler comes along
And takes them out to wear 'em!*

—Pot-Pourri.

Evelyn McMahon, '14
Margaret Lonergan, '14
Anna Cody, '13
Katherine Finigan, '14
Catharine Loftus, '12
Helen Howley, '13

Genevieve Keefe, '14
Winifred Demarest, '14
Marie Leahy, '12
Eleanor Brady, '13
Julia Sullivan, '12

House Mistress, Mother de Sales.

"38"



*Once there was one Little Willie
Willie was a noble mouse;
He could keep eight females guessing
When he roamed about the house.*

*"Swiftie" had a fur-trimmed bonnet
Willie fancied it, somehow,
"Swiftie" mourned her hat—and Willie,
Well, he is not with us now!*

"John" Baptiste, '12

Helen Kountz, '12

Letitia Murphy, '14

Edith Leeming, '13

"Queenie" Waldron, '15

Beatrice Warren, '13

Edith Swift, '15

Edwina Ryan, '15

House Mistress, Mother Ignatius.

“39”



“INFERNO”

*“Where is the pleasantest place to be”
 (Said Mary Pyne
 Of Thirty-nine).
 O, the roof is the place for you and for me,
 It's airy and lofty and joyous and free,
 Come join us! There's no nun to care or to
 see!”
 (Said Mary Pyne
 Of Thirty-nine).*

Mary Pyne, '15

Elizabeth Kelly, '14

Haydee Alvarado, '15

Margaret Ransom, '15

Amanda Horrigan, '15

Gertrude Coyne, '15

Katherine Ball, '15

Molly Donegan, '15

Marie Fleming, '15

Frances Fleming, '15

House Mistress, Mother Patricia.

“34”



*Its windows face the castle towers
And overlook a space of flowers,
While naught disturbs its beauteous bowers,
Save the gate that creaks—and creaks!*

Elizabeth Lee, '14

Mary Simpson, '12

Anna Donlin, '13

Mary Smith, '12

Loretto Donlin, '14

Dot Murphy, '12

Julia O'Brien, '14

Mary O'Brien, '12

House Mistress, Sister Regis

"58"



AUSTIN COTTAGE

*Should Bina bake a chocolate cake
All on a winter's day,
Be sure to eat your slice so sweet
Before 'tis stol'n away.
But if by fate you come too late
And find there isn't any,
Just have a bite of biscuit light
Fresh-made by Mistress Kenny.*

Roberta McLeod Figuet, '12

Agnes O'Reilly, '12

Louise Seymour, '14

Sadie Callan, '12

Ruth Seymour, '14

Bina Stark, '12

Gertrude Callan, '13

Olive Harvy, '13

Alice Mahoney, '14

Ethel Jettinghoff, '13

May Kenny, '13

Irene Parris, '13

Frances Spaulding, '13

Nora Walsh, '12

House Mistress, Mother Fidelis

"153"



LIBERTY HALL

*I missed chapel to-day—
Was that the bell ringing?
We are so far away
I missed chapel to-day—
The bell, did you say?
Or just Patrick singing?
I missed chapel to-day—
Was that the bell ringing?*

Marguerite Collins, '14

Agnes McCann, '15

Mary O'Reilly, '13

Elizabeth Kent, '15

Elizabeth O'Reilly, '14

Catharine Dougherty, '15

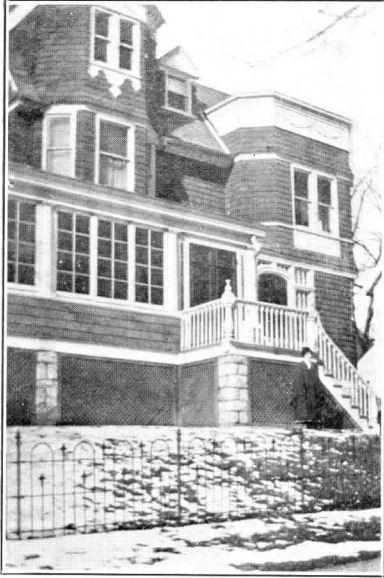
Rita Quinlan, '14

Anna McMahon, '15

Margaret McNamara, '14

House Mistress, Sister Xavier.

“41”



STODDARD MANSION

“It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure dome, with caves of ice!”

I

*Somewhere they read by lamp-light,
Somewhere, gas-range there's none,
Somewhere, they long for parlors—
But not in “41.”*

II

*Somewhere there's peace and quiet,
Somewhere, when day is done,
They are soothed by sweetest music—
But not in “41!”*

Marie McManus, '15

Texas Baulard, '15

Ruth Sullivan, '15

Mary Lally, '15

Olive March, '15

House Mistress, Mother Charles.

Our Patrick

The twentieth hour is well-nigh past
Since you came near our furnace last,
And we're suffering many a wintry blast,
Oh, Patrick!

The water now does cold grow,
Indeed it has almost ceased to flow.
We wonder if you know our woe,
Oh, Patrick!

Each morn when you come on the scene
Warbling the "Wearing of the Green,"
Ill tempered we wakened from sleep serene,
Oh, Patrick!

But shivering wait we now, and long,
For the furnace bang and your Irish song.
We'll never say more that your tune was wrong,
Oh, Patrick!

We pray that you've come to no harm,
And we pray, too, for that magic charm,
"I say, Miss Simpson, are ye warm?"
Oh, Patrick!



More Ravings

(A Pantnum)

Exam week is coming. I don't know a thing—
(That wing on my hat is a sight)
I just loathe that female—she thinks she can sing
—I can't wear those stripes with my height!

That wing on my hat is a sight!
Chemistry, History, English and Math,—
I can't wear those stripes with my height,
I wonder what father will do in his wrath!

Chemistry, History, English and Math,—
That girl has a nose to be sure!
I wonder what father will do in his wrath!
—I think a pink bow would allure.

That girl *has* a nose to be sure!
If I flunk all those four I shan't make Senior year.
I think a pink bow would allure
—Perhaps if I died now it might wring a tear.

If I flunk all those four I shan't make Senior year
—Yes, more chocolate sauce, if you please!
Perhaps if I died now it might wring a tear.
Oh, what's the use cramming, I'll just take my ease.

Yes, more chocolate sauce, if you please!
—At one time I spent all my cash on that girl
Oh, what's the use cramming, I'll just take my ease—
Her hair is quite nice when she keeps it in curl.

At one time I spent all my cash on that girl—
It's months since I bought a sweet-pea!
Her hair is quite nice when she keeps it in curl—
Electrics—between you and me.

It's months since I bought a sweet-pea!
But I do hate a female who thinks she can sing.
Electrics—between you and me.
—Goodbye till exam week—I don't know a thing.

Conferring of Honors

50 TASSEL STRINGS.

Presented by Rose McLaughlin, '10, to be awarded for the Best-preserved College Cap in the Senior Class.

Won by Mary H. Smith.

Honorable Mention, Ethel C. Baptiste.

PLASTER-OF-PARIS CUPID.

Presented by Miss Letitia Murphy (President of Disabled Daughters of St. Angela), for Skill in Archery.

Won by Marie C. Langdon.

Honorable Mention, Marguerite I. Tait.

CHAPLET OF IMMORTELLES.

Presented by Terpsichore Society, for Morris Dancing.

Won by Margaret Warner, Winifred Demarest.

Honorable Mention, Rita Quinlan, Margaret McNamara.

My lady smiled on me to-day
And kissed the rose I gave her.
My lady's eyes are soft and gray—
My lady smiled on me to-day.
My lady's eyes have such a way
I'd die to win her favor.
My lady smiled on me to-day
And kissed the rose I gave her.
—*St. Angela Quarterly.*

Marie.—“Ease” has a moist mouth, hasn't she?

Grace.—Yes, but you can always wring an answer from it.

Beatrice.—And a dry one, at that!

"1912" Freshman Queries

If Vera Babcock went to Italy, what city would she visit first?
What position in the army does Helen Kountz prefer?
What is Louise Gallivan's favorite punctuation mark?
What style pen does Ethel Beechinor use?
What kind of nuts does Mabel Jettinghoff like?
What is Vida's favorite flower?
What mineral water does Bina drink?
What is the latest flower in Mabel's bouquet?

*Don't make them smile—at my pet effusion,
Your eyes are brown—with a wicked gleam
And when they smile—at my pet effusion
Mine just look down—I'd thought it a dream.
And when they frown—at my hackneyed theme
I sigh a while—for my lost illusion.
Your eyes are brown—with a wicked gleam.
Your eyes are brown—Oh, that wicked gleam*





NO doubt, you all think that the storekeepers of the *Quarterly* are interested only in the price of rosettes a half dozen or safety pins a card. But, no, they are interested in things outside of barter and trade. They are interested in you, you the customer. You haven't any idea how much more interesting the customer is than the sale of cake and candy.

In that little *Quarterly* I have met all sizes and kinds of customers. There are those who religiously come in every day of the week and ask me to add up their bills. Then with a "Thank you, I don't care to pay just yet, I merely wanted to know about how much it was," they leave me behind the counter smiling my *Quarterly* Store smile. The next day, although they have added no more to their accounts, they come with the same request. I give the same answer as on the previous day and I smile the self-same smile.

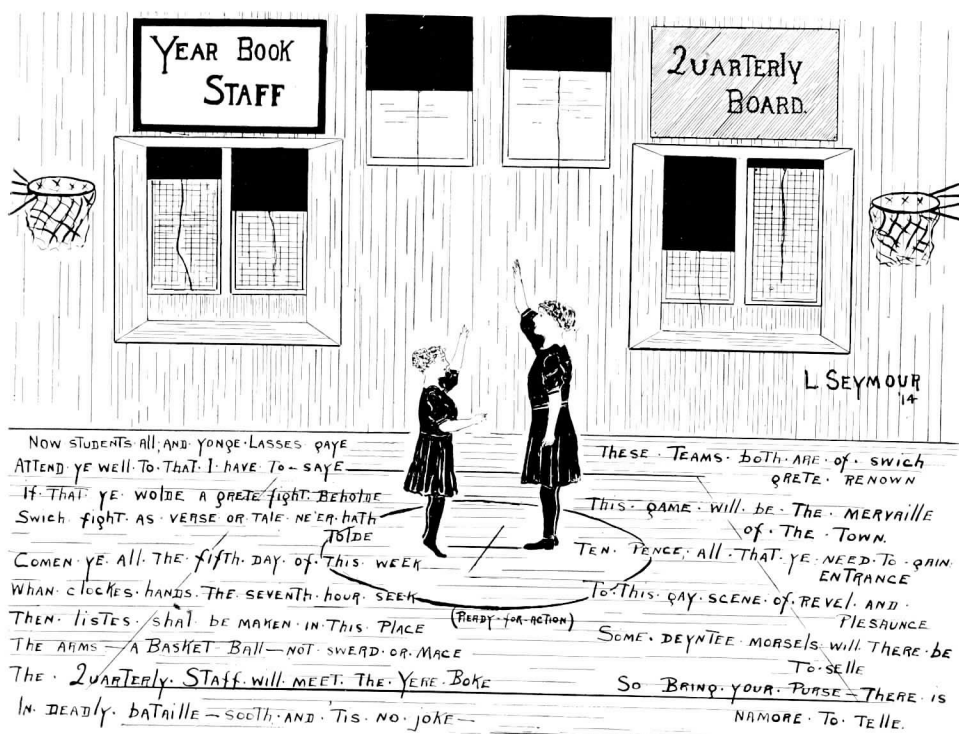
When Wednesday morning comes around, I have a certain member of the Faculty for a customer. She always wants five cents worth of licorice. So, when I see her black velvet dress and green worsted jacket appearing, I immediately start to count out twenty into a bag. For they are four for a cent, you know. Through the *Quarterly* Store, I have discovered the secret of proper enunciation and explosive utterance—licorice drops!

There are some who amuse me beyond measure. They are the few who, when paying a rather large bill, declare they never bought that much and with the menacing threat, "I will pay, but I will *never* charge another thing here again!" they desert the poor little Quarterly Store. Would that they would keep their threats! How much less trouble it would be for us, and how much more ready cash the little till would have!

Then there are the little tots from the seminary. They are darling customers. One came in not long ago. Her eyes just reached to the ledge of the counter. She asked me the price of "those long pink things." I told her "one cent" and she lisped, "I don't want it, 'cause I haven't that much." And I, though a member of that awful Quarterly Staff reputed to be stingy, avaricious, and mercenary, thereupon donated a big pink banana to my would-be customer.



"PEANUT JOHN"



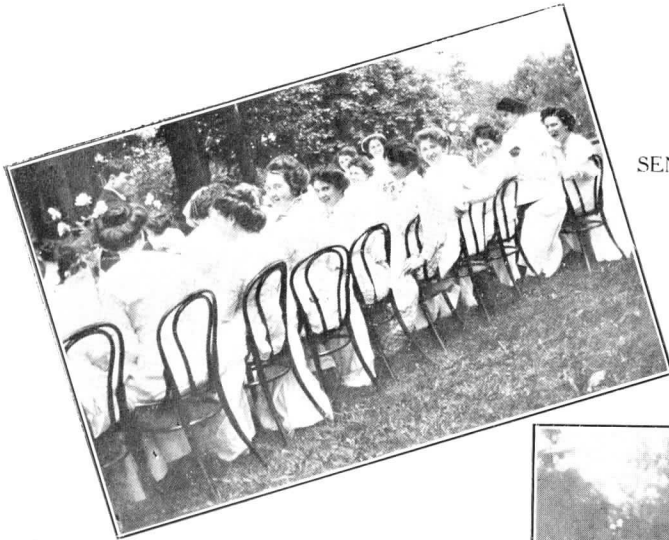
The ancient Greeks and Trojans contending at the walls of Troy never witnessed a mightier struggle than that in which the Year Book staff and the Quarterly engaged on Wednesday, November 15, for the basketball championship of the College. The goddess of chance played an important part in deciding the line-up of the teams, for nearly all the players were equally unfitted for the positions they held. To be sure, the Year Book staff exulted in the proud possession of a real for-sure goaler, but the Quarterly had six guards disposed in various positions on the field, so the chances of victory were about equally divided. In center, the Year Book had the advantage, because, owing to a slight disparity (in height) of some four or five feet between the jumping centers, the referee permitted this team's center to stand on a chair and use a tennis racquet when the ball was tossed up. The Quarterly's valiant guards worked their hardest to counteract this advantage, and for a time it looked as if 'twould be a no-score game. Then a Quarterly goaler accidentally made a basket, and her fellow-goaler was so overcome by astonishment that she went and did likewise. Just before the end of the first half the Year Book scored one on a foul, so that the score at the close of the half stood 4 to 1 in the Quarterly's favor. Between halves, while the Year Book team sold sandwiches, the Quarterly goalers practiced baskets and acquired such amazing skill that in the second half they paralyzed their foes by raising the score to 16, as opposed to the Year Book's 4. The latter team was consoled, though, for by a previous arrangement the gate and sandwich receipts became its property.

Senior Predicaments

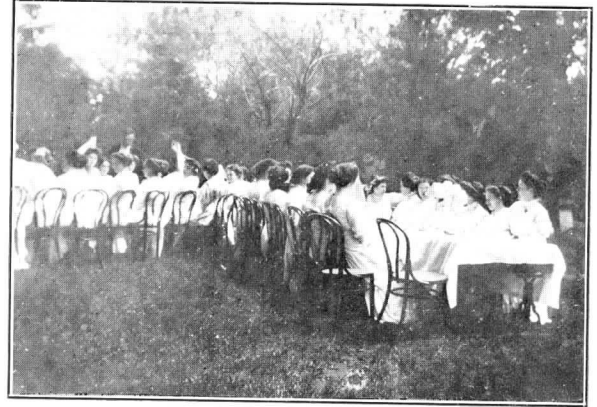
Substance	Catherine
Form	Marie
Sensation	Smith
Natural Appetite	John
The Abstract	May
The Concrete	Mazy
Argumentation	Julia
Certainty	Helen
Inertia	Sim
Contingent Being	Dot
Authority	Roberta
Cause	Hazel
Methodic Doubt	Gladys
Impenetrability	Mary O'Brien
Reason	Nora
Action	Peggy
"Goodness!"	Helen Sherwood
The Syllogism	
{ Major	Agnes
{ Minor	Sadie
{ Conclusion	Bina



It's a wise Senior that knows her own cap.



SENIOR BREAKFAST



MAY DAY



THE TWINS



A Ryght
Pithy, Pleasaunt and me-
rie Comedie; In-

tytuled *Mazy Bra-
dys Rubbers*: Played on
Stage, not longe
ago in S. Ange-
las

Colledge in New Rochelle

*Made by the Ladies of the
Inner Temple.*

Imprinted at New York in
Goldestreat at the signe
of the §

[Mazy Brady's Rubbers]

Printed from the earliest extant edition, newly corrected, and amended of such gross faults as passed in the first impression. The text is based on Manly's unique copy of the old edition. Insignificant variants in Hawkins and Hazlitt are not recorded. (Vide Hawkins' "Origin of the English Drama," I, 643 ff., and Hazlitt's "Dodsley's 'Old Plays', VIII, 461 ff.")

The title page is a reprint, but not a facsimile, of the old title page.

For discussion of date and authorship, see Vol. III.

The names of the speakers in this comedie

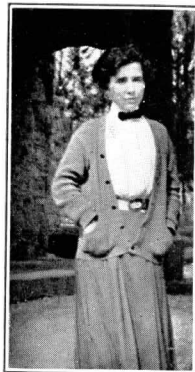
MAZY BRADY

DAME KEAT

The Prologue.

As Mazy Brady with manye a wyde styche,
Sat pesying and patching of some cotton ryche,
In the Locker room a tall and theevish dame,
Picked up two small brown rubbers, both the same.
Then, as she saw the door was open wyde,
She quickly gan the rubbers for to hyde.
Now this gere must forward goe, for here my Mazy commeth.
Be still awhile and say nothing, make here a little romth.
While Mazy searched, the dame said, "Now what should be
your trouble?"
"Alas, the more ich thinke on it, my sorrow waxeth doble,

My goodly little rubbers, chave lost ich wot not where."
 "Your rubbers?" "My rubbers, alas, ich myght full ill them spare.
 Why, know you any tydings, which way, mahap, they've gone?"
 "Yea, that I do, doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone.
 Within this howre, before my face, a neyghbour passed this way.
 She stooped her downe, and up she toke something small, bym fay."
 "She toke my rubbers, that ich knowe, for here e'en by this poste
 They were, what time ich went to classe, and now, alas, they're loste.
 Who was it, lieve dame, speke, and quickly tell, ich praye.
 For sin cham on the Advisory Board you dare not say me nay."
 "Ich dare not?" "You dare not." "Chyll not tell! You cannot make me."
 "Ich can, ich will." "Thou *thinkest* that. Go to! The mischief take thee!"
 "My fayre, little brown rubbers, that was myne onely treasure
 The first day of my sorrow is, and the last end of my pleasure;
 Chyll at thee." Then my Mazy pushed the dame agayne the door.
 By Cokkes bones! Down they fell—the rubbers—to the floor.
 "'Tis myne, owne, deare, little rubbers, sickerly, ich wot.
 Ich knew that ich must find them, else should a had them not."
 "By my good fay, my Mazy, Cham even as glad as you,
 We'll find the knave who did this deed and beat him soundly, too."
 The twain went off. The rubbers found, Mazy's chere was almost mild,
 But ich was wroth, for the theevish dame loked back at me and smiled.



"By Their Bromidians You Shall Know Them"

"Remember, girls, I never take back what I say or do. I think you know my reputation. Of course, I never act without mature reflection, and then nothing could move me."

"Are we all here? What's the lesson to-day? Let's get after it, girls!" (more often he gets after us.)

"Well, you'll all agree that that was a very fine recitation. I have nothing but what's good to say about it." (It sort of helps you to get back to your seat without stumbling—but then—it comes out every Thursday morning, regardless.)

"Louise, did you prepare your French reading? Well then, get me my mark book. You'll lose three marks. Did you prepare yours, Alice? You lose three also."

"Ha, ha! Das ist sehr komische!"

"Miss Murphy—what do you think of that theme? Yes—no personality of the writer, none whatever, I don't think there is much literary pride in this class. Miss Doran? I don't know that—I don't know that anyone does."

"Now—I—this is purely by my own theory. I've never seen it in any book. But Dr. Giddings says—I'll write it on the board—it's rather long."

"These Italian mothers are just like children, you know. It requires tact to manage them. A funny thing happened in my school to-day * * * *

(Calling the roll) "Did you arrive at all last time, Miss Warren?"

"Fall in! That's all right, young girl. You will be all right. That girl there with the overcoat—all the time talking. Sa-lute! Company—deesmissed!"

Who Will Ever Forget

What Robert Browning has forgotten and only God knows?

The escaped convict and his ethical dilemma?

The woman at Stratford-on-Avon?

The Boston convert and her five-cent catechism?

Her general confession?

The woman who was not his dear woman (thank God for that)?

The Ethics of the Mayor of New London?

The Chicago Strike of '92?

The poor little chop?

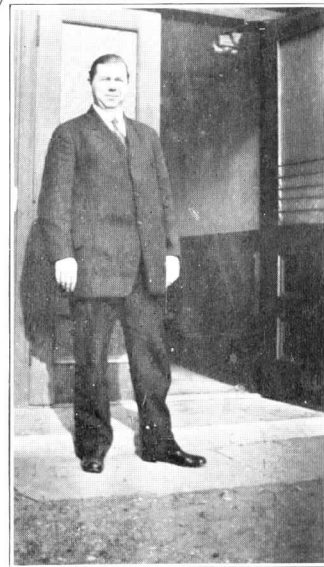
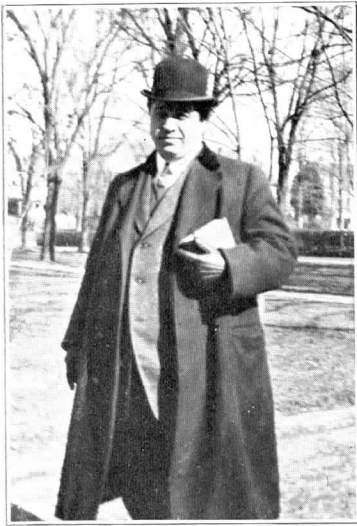
Christiana, who lived in a cave?

Her graduating class at 93rd Street?

Little Lucy?

The funny thing that happened in my school to-day?

The Purple Cow?



"Everybody's Doing It"

The Campus is deserted,
There's no one in the Gym,
Leo wanders all alone,
Nobody cares for him.
Not a girl is in the Castle
And the court at last is free,
But there isn't time for tennis,
For my work's cut out for me!
Baccalaureate is to-morrow
And I cannot find my tie;
My white gloves are at the cleaner's—
That old waist will never dry!
My collar simply doesn't fit me
And my skirt needs letting down;
I've got to make a whole new tassel,
And clean and press my college gown.
Now, everybody's hard at work,
'Cept John, who's on her way
(Having earned it by her prudence)
To a Boston Spa frappe.

"Though tattered, mayhap,
Still, 'tis a cap—
'Twas a stunning head-wrap
In Freshman year!"

Miss B.—Mead seems to have had such an inspiring effect on those old Saxon heroes! It's a pity we can't make it nowadays.

G. D.—Can't you get it at soda fountains, Miss Bush? You can get nectar!

College of New Rochelle, Dr.

To

For

May Curran	The Old Blue Banner
Estelle Ryan	Papers on Scholasticism
Nora Hafey	Her Table Silver, for auld lang syne allotted to Naomi O'Reilly
Betty Burr	Professor McGuirk
Jennie McManus	Her Alto, carefully cultivated by Elizabeth Kelly
Dot Brosmith	The Bazaar
Margaret Seltzer	The Triolet
Sue Sargent	Quarterly Charge Accounts
"38"	Costume Trunk
Lou Gallivan	College Choir
Marie Johnston	"Sing Me to Sleep"
Pussy Lynch	"I call for the reading of the Constitution"
1911	Their very own Cup
Mary Conklin	"An Old Sweetheart of Mine"
Margarita de Tova	"The best have fallen"

In Memoriam

"Why did you burn poor John Gasman
Mary Slevin?

To-night's the first since Mother began
To turn off the gas, yet the candle ran
Reverend Mother

(O Mother, Reverend Mother
One night to-night between hell and heaven)"

—*Augustine Age of Literature*

Miss Bush.—Speaking of sybarites—what is an ascetic?
Freshman.—Something that robs a person of consciousness.

The Oral English Course

Once we shouted Coleridge,
Nothing else but Coleridge.
Now we're roaring Browning
Out for all we're worth;
Just because we mutter
And *should* explosive-utter,
You would think that Browning
Wrote *the only verse on earth!*

Famous Personages I Have Not Met

Bruth' Arthah	Dallas
Uncle Doctor	New York City
Aunt Mary	New Rochelle
Agnes	Toledo
Frank	New York City
Uncle Petah	Milford
Dad	Meriden
My Father	Flatbush
Motherandad	New York City
Mother Pius	Scranton
Doctor Giddings	Columbia
Mr. Taft	Cincinnati and Yale
My Boys	Fordham
Mr. Mackaye	New York City
Bill and Kim	West Haven
Jerry	Jersey City
The Old Families	St. Augustine
Sister Annunciata	Scranton
Bunny	New York City
Zita	Yonkers
Bertha	Bristol
Cousin	Bronxville
One of My Colleagues	C. C. N. Y.
Dr. Maxwell	New York City
Tim, Dinny and the Twins	Mamaroneck

Personals

Will the girl who is wearing the "respectability" I left on the end seat in the back row of the History class last Monday please put it in the same place before 8.30 tomorrow morning, as the girl who lent me hers wants it back, and I used my last cut in chapel to-day.

The Business Managers request that the girl who borrowed the bottle-opener from the *Quarterly* yesterday between 12.30 and 1 o'clock please return it at her earliest convenience, as owing to its absence they have missed two "sales" and injured a Freshman's nose.

WANTED—An original and sprightly criticism of an interesting, well-written paper on Scholasticism which has the much-to-be-desired personal touch. I will liberally reward anyone who will send me such a criticism before the open meeting of A. A.—J. J., 58 Elm Street.

Such Freshmen as are desirous of the honor of my wearing their college caps during Commencement Week will please leave them in the Senior room the day before Baccalaureate Sunday. Only caps in extra fine condition accepted.

Will the girl who plays the piano at mandolin practice please not go back to pick up the note she dropped in the preceding measure, as the mandolinists find it difficult to Barcarolle under these conditions?

The red-haired girl in the front row in History requests that the Junior in back who prompted her *three hundred years* from the correct date please hand in her resignation to the President of the First Aid Society.

Through these columns I desire to express my gratitude to M. M. Personne for her great kindness in rescuing me so often from the tortures of Domestic Art.

Will the girl on the right-hand side of the chapel, who begins to cough every morning as soon as I open a window, and who closes it almost immediately, please change places with the girl on the other side who fainted the other morning?

I would greatly appreciate it if the girls who hug their gowns so close to their necks going up the chapel aisle would indulge in the same procedure coming down, so that the fact might not be forced upon me that I had permitted doubtful respectabilities to escape my notice.—A. B.

I would be very grateful if the underclassman who carves my name on the last bench in the Mathematics room would choose some more subtle way of manifesting her devotion.

College Nursery Rhymes



Dickory, dickory, dock
The Professor's fixed the clock
But it's not for long—
'Twill soon be wrong!
Dickory, dickory, dock.

A Senior was greatly distraught
Because of a coat she had bought,
 "It's a nice shade of red,
 But you see," Mary said,
 "If you cut you're too easily caught."

Little Bo Peep lost two nights' sleep
And doesn't know where to find them;
Let them alone till your week-end at home—
But leave their tales behind them!

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Mass, dear Mother," she said.
"But you're one second late, my pretty maid,
Go back to your cottage. Campused!" she said

There is a little girl
And she wears an ivy leaf
Right on the front of her suit, suit, suit.
Four years that vine's been shorn,
She's had a fresh one every morn—
And now we all are looking for the root, root, root.

It Sometimes Happens

"I've got to do my English
So I haven't time to talk,
I'm going to grind all afternoon—"
But she went out for a walk.

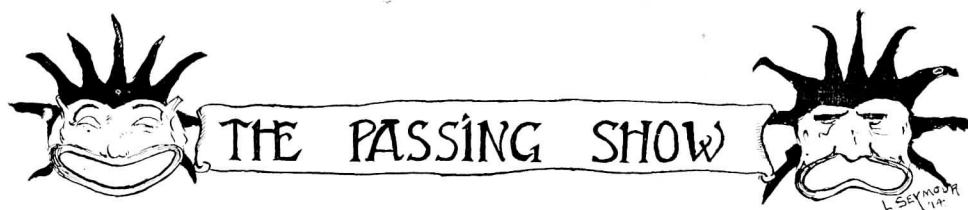
"This report is due first hour
And the book's not even read.
I'll have to stay up half the night—"
But she soon was off to bed.

"Though I'd like to see 'Rose Maid'
I can't go in to-day.
We've a Latin test on Monday—"
But she was off to the matinee.

"Vacation starts to-morrow
Good-bye—I'll have to go.
How'll it feel to be a Sophomore!"
But I guess she'll never know.

My Lady paid her dues to-day
And kicked because I made her!
My Lady's eyes are steely grey
My Lady paid her dues to-day.
She didn't look—exactly gay
The moment I waylaid her!
My Lady paid her dues to-day
And kicked because I made her!

I love Economics,
There's so much to do,
And if I don't worry
Perhaps I'll get through.
I'll sit in a corner
Way down in the back,
And argue forever
On *any* old tack!



THE PASSING SHOW

THIS year's theatrical season has been one of exceptional quality, although the gap made by the non-appearance of some of our cleverest stars is all too noticeable. Polly Brosmith is among those of whom I speak. She is making an indefinite tour starring in "The White Sister" Company. Others are Vida Curren in "The Spendthrift" and Rosamond Rawlins who played so successfully in "Over the River." We are glad to be able to announce, however, that Miss Rawlins will appear next season in a play written especially for her called "Elevating a Husband."

The following productions have been put on at this house during the winter: Helen Sherwood and Peggy Tait in "The Commuters," Dot Murphy and her bevy of show girls in "Honeyboy-Hobby," Helen Kountz in "The Music Master," Julia Sullivan in "The Typhoon," Marie Langdon in "Your Humble Servant," Louise Seymour in "The Lily," John Baptiste in "The Echo," Edith Leeming in "Such a Little Queen," Marie Leahy in "The Boys and Betty," and Mary Pyne in "The Little Rebel." Agnes O'Reilly, who has now finished her three weeks run in "The Pink Lady," is again starring in "Bought and Paid For." Among other productions which have been received with more or less enthusiasm are: Frances Spaulding in "The Orchid," A. Mahoney and L. Seymour in vaudeville, Mistress Disciplina in "The Woman," Bina Stark in "The Chocolate Soldier," Katherine Loftus in "The Red Widow," Mary Simpson in "The First Lady of the Land," Letitia Murphy in "Green Stockings," Beatrice Warren in "The Slim Princess," Hazel Toohey in "She Stoops to Conquer," Sadie Callan in "Chanticleer," Genevieve Keefe in "The Spring Maid," and 1912 in "The Greyhound." Other happy combinations are Ethel Jettinghoff, Helen Kountz, Haydee Alvarado, Mary Simpson, and Marie Baulard in "The Never Homes," Ruth Seymour and Katharine Finigan in "The Girl Behind the Counter." By special request Miss Bush has appeared this season in a touching little sketch entitled "The Nut Brown Maid."

Green-room Hedgepodge

'Twas on a warm May evening, not long ago, ich ween,
Chad happened over early, to see what might be seen.
And troth! Chil tell you truly, ich never saw before
Swich goings-on as met my gaze, as ich slid in the door.

My Hazel Toohey heare, see now,
Did darken "Reddy's" face, see now,
While Mary Keating donned, see now,
A classmate's dark blue cote, see now,
(She turned it inside out, see now,
'Twas scarlet satin-lined, see now),
Meantime, deft Mary Pyne, see now,
Did wie'd a borrowed neele, see now,
To sew the damp sea-weed, see now,
On Beatrice Warren's gown, see row,
In the corner, growing fast, see now,
Hung Marie Langdon's hair, see now,
A pie was being baked, see now,
For "Gentleman Joe" to eat, see now,
And when they all went on, see now,
Chad thought to burst my sides, see now,
But ich did thank Gog's grace, see now,
Her Oral Highness was not there, see now,
Ich durst take a booke othe, see now,
These Juniors had bene slain, see now!
(And good enow!)

Scene.—Recreation Hall.

Belle Fone.—Oh, Antiqua, I have a slam for you—last go!

Antiqua Steinway.—All right. Frances Spaulding said she should think it was about time you rang off. No one ever pays any attention to you.

Belle.—Well! Helen Kountz said she thought *you* came out with some of the *flattest* things she ever heard.

"By The Way"

A Comedy of Life in Annales

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

<i>Absolute Veto</i>	M. D.
<i>Literary Light</i>	H. M. K.
<i>Little Cheque Book</i>	M. F. B.
<i>Brush Worker</i>	M. I. T.
<i>Sporting Element</i>	M. H. S.
<i>Old Reliable</i>	A. O'R.

Time—Tuesday after Senior "Gym" Class.

Place—Senior Class-room.



Absolute Veto (opening her bulging notebook)—Girls, the first thing to bring up at this meeting is the question of the "Senior knocks" we asked the underclassmen to contribute—

Sporting Element (interrupting)—Oh, are they all knocks? I thought we had asked for their *opinion* of the Seniors.

Old Reliable—That's what I thought.

Absolute Veto (laughing)—Well—we did—and this is what happened. I'll read you some of them (taking one up). "A living example of the harvest that awaits the sower of wild oats—but a good sport."

Literary Light—"Moses and Aaron! Is there anyone in this college who thinks we'd publish a thing like that? Why—that's *awful*!"

Absolute Veto—And isn't even cleverly put!

Little Cheque Book—Cleverly! huh—

Brush Worker—Oh, by the way, speaking of “wild oats,” are we going to use that sheaf of wheat for Old Reliable’s seal?

(*Old Reliable* blushes violently and giggles!)

Sporting Element.—Sheaf of wheat?

Literary Light—Oh, you know—“The Gleaners”—I think it’s simply great. Let’s have it!

Old Reliable (mildly protesting)—Oh, I don’t see why—

Little Cheque Book—Here! You haven’t anything to say about your own page!

Absolute Veto—All right, Brush Worker, you go ahead with that—

Literary Light—Let’s get back to the “knocks,” then!

Absolute Veto (taking up another)—Here’s one that isn’t a knock:

“Most popular girl, prettiest, wittiest, darling of the gods, all-round sweet girl-graduate—”

Old Reliable (interrupting)—Sounds like statistics.

Little Cheque Book—’Bout as *true* as statistics if it’s about any girl in our class!

Absolute Veto (continuing)—“consciously humorous, men have been known to rave about her”—dash—“little pug nose.” Well, I don’t know whether it’s rave about *her* or rave about her little pug nose. It’s not punctuated very well.—(going on)—“Nicest senior.”

Old Reliable—Whoever wrote that has a desperate one!

Literary Light—Aren’t there any in verse?

Absolute Veto—Here’s one that looks like a limerick:—

“There was a little girl named Mazy,
And everyone said she was daisy;
She stood for her rights
And fought many fights,
This dear little girl named Mazy.”

Little Cheque Book—Well, the nerve of that!

Brush Worker—Oh, it’s true enough—but *almost* too obvious.

Literary Light—Yes, I wish they *would* be a little more subtle.

Absolute Veto (reading another)—“Quite a lawyer—fond of the violin—‘Stern daughter of the Voice of God’”—disconnected, to say the least. Oh, by the way, Brush Worker, have you done anything with Literary Light’s seal?

Brush Worker—Not since she absolutely refused to have the lyre. I think we ought to give her the quill and “in hoc signo.”

Literary Light—No, sir, I *absolutely* refuse to have the quill, and besides I thought we were going to use that motto for Brush Worker with the Varsity letters.

Brush Worker—I object! Wouldn’t I look nice—!

Literary Light—Well, you needn’t try to palm it off on me, then!

Absolute Veto—But it’s *such* a good motto! I always did like it. It’s a pity we can’t use it somewhere.

Literary Light—Well, it isn't the first good thing we've dropped because we simply couldn't make it apply to anybody. Why don't you give me a Brownie and be done with it?

Absolute Veto—But that's too much like the sleeping pickaninny we are going to give Miss Simpson.

Literary Light—Do you think we ought to knock "Sim" on her laziness? After all, she's Energy personified now, compared to what she was Freshman year.

Sporting Element—That reminds me—are we going to have that page of our Freshman pictures in?

Old Reliable—Oh, yes, let's—, but can we afford it?

Absolute Veto (with a questioning smile)—Can we, Little Cheque Book?

Little Cheque Book—Go ahead and have what you like. I'll tend to the money end of it!

Absolute Veto—Well, we've saved space and money on these quotations, anyhow (gathering together the scattered leaves). Just listen to this one!

"Why has heaven given me these affections only to fall and fade?"

Literary Light—That's lovely, don't you think?

Sporting Element—Kind of mean, though.

Little Cheque Book—Well, it's true.

Brush Worker—But, it really is hard, after all, because this book goes home, you know.

Literary Light—Yes that's true, and we did agree not to use anything that a girl couldn't make up a plausible story about, if her family's of the inquiring kind.

Old Reliable—Well, I'd be duly grateful if some one would suggest a plausible story for my "sheaf of wheat!"

Literary Light—Don't worry, Old Reliable, "you can work it over." Got your key here? Be a saint and open the Quarterly now!

Old Reliable (with alacrity)—All right—By the way, most of you are over your dollar.

Chorus (expostulating)—Oh—h, Ag!

Old Reliable—Well, never mind—I'll treat you all to a rosette, fresh to-day.

(Exeunt Staff)



Students

Alvarado, Haydee	San Jose, Costa Rica
Ball, Katharine M.	New York City
Baptiste, Ethel C.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Boulard, Marie J.	Galveston, Texas
Brady, Eleanor G.	New York City
Brady, Mary F.	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Burns, Julia	Port Chester, N. Y.
Callan, Gertrude	New York City
Callan, Sara C.	Bristol, R. I.
Cody, Anna G.	Port Jervis, N. Y.
Collins, Marguerite M.	New York City
Condon, Serena J.	Port Chester, N. Y.
Coyne, Gertrude	New York City
Coyne, Loretto	Utica, N. Y.
Curran, Mary T.	New York City
Curry, Edna	Elmhurst, N. Y.
Demarest, Winifred C.	New York City
Dennehy, Mary	Rye, N. Y.
Dering, Gladys M.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Donegan, Mary E.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Donlin, Anna C.	New York City.
Donlin, Loretta M.	New York City
Doran, Mary I.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Dougherty, Catherine G.	Newburgh, N. Y.
Duffy, Anna	New York City
Feig, Rose J.	Flushing, L. I.
Figuet, Roberta McL.	Paris, France
Finigan, Catherine L.	Norwich, N. Y.
Fisher, Alice C.	Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Fleming, Frances M.	Charlotte, N. Y.

Students—*Continued*

Fleming, Marie C.	Charlotte, N. Y.
Gordon, M. Agnes	Port Chester, N. Y.
Gray, Mary C.	Norwalk, Conn.
Hannon, Mary	Hartford, Conn.
Harvey, Olive M.	Tupper Lake, N. Y.
Horrigan, Amanda E.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Howley, Helen I.	Scranton, Pa.
Hume, Dorothy	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Jettinghoff, Ethel M.	Delphos, Ohio
Keating, Josephine M.	New York City
Keating, Mary	New York City
Keeffe, Genevieve	Blossburgh, Pa.
Keiran, Ella	New York City
Keiran, Mary	New York City
Kelly, Elizabeth F.	Wilmington, Del.
Kenny, May S.	Sharon, Conn.
Kent, Elizabeth W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kountz, Helen M.	Toledo, Ohio
Lally, Mary F.	North Adams, Mass
Langdon, Marie C.	Englewood Cliffe, N. J.
Leahy, Marie E.	New York City
Leeming, Edith M.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Loneragan, Ella	New York City
Loneragan, Margaret	Irvington, N. Y.
Loftus, Catherine C.	Scranton, Pa.
Mahoney, Alice Z.	Westerly, R. I.
March, Olive L.	New York City
McCann, Agnes	Bronxville, N. Y.
McMahon, Anna L.	South Norwalk, Conn.
McMahon, Evelyn M.	Jersey City, N. J.
McManus, Marie T.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
McNamara, Margaret T.	Fishkill, N. Y.
Miller, Alma E.	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Monahan, Grace	New Haven, Conn.

Students—*Continued*

Murphy, Agnes L.	Irvington, N. Y.
Murphy, Letitia E.	Astoria, L. I.
O'Brien, Anna	Port Chester, N. Y.
O'Brien, Julia H.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
O'Brien, Mary C.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
O'Reilly, Agnes G.	Bridgeport, Conn.
O'Reilly, Elizabeth J.	Fishkill, N. Y.
O'Reilly, Mary A.	Fishkill, N. Y.
Parris, M. Irene	Rutland, Vt.
Pyne, Mary	New York City
Quinlan, Rita	New Haven, Conn.
Raftery, Sadie R.	Newark, N. J.
Ransom, Margaret F.	Elmira, N. Y.
Robson, Mary E.	Gaspi, Province of Quebec
Ryan, Edwina M.	Astoria, L. I.
Russell, Mary V.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Seymour, M. Louise	New York City
Seymour, Ruth B.	New York City
Sherwood, Helen F.	Port Chester, N. Y.
Simpson, Mary A.	Dallas, Texas
Smith, Mary H.	Hartford, Conn.
Spalding, Frances V.	New York City
Stack, Alicerose	Utica, N. Y.
Stark, J. Bibiana	Stamford, Conn.
Sullivan, Julia F.	Meriden, Conn.
Sullivan, Ruth W.	Lancaster, Pa.
Swift, Edith A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tait, Marguerite I.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Toohey, Hazel S.	Meriden, Conn.
Waldron, Helen R.	Lyons, N. J.
Walsh, Nora F.	New York City
Warner, Margaret E.	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Warren, Beatrice	Mamaroneck, N. Y.

"Editor, send me that copy, please"

Such a fine thing I have thought of to-day!

Oh, Peggy, a seal!

Do you think you can draw it? It's something for May,

Oh, Peggy, a seal!

The Year Book is late now, I know, to be sure,

But it's only one more, so don't get "simply fur—"

Oh, Peggy, a seal, a seal!

Oh, Peggy, a seal!

Such a fine thing I have thought of to-day,

Oh, Mary, a game!

Will you write to the Faculty, ask them to play

Oh, Mary, a game?

The Year Book is late now, I know, to be sure,

But the thought of cheap covers we cannot endure—

Oh, Mary, a game, a game!

Oh, Mary, a game!

Such a fine thing I have thought of to-day,

Oh, Helen, a verse!

"The campus is green and the Castle is grey,"

Oh, Helen, a verse!

The Year Book is late now, I know, to be sure,

But a much better subject you *couldn't* procure!

Oh, Helen, a verse, a verse!

Oh, Helen, a verse!

Such a fine thing I have thought of to-day,

Oh, Mazy, a cut!

Just one for Dramatics, you must not say nay,

Oh, Mazy, a cut!

The Year Book is late now, I know, to be sure,

But the heart of "that printer" you'll *gently* allure—

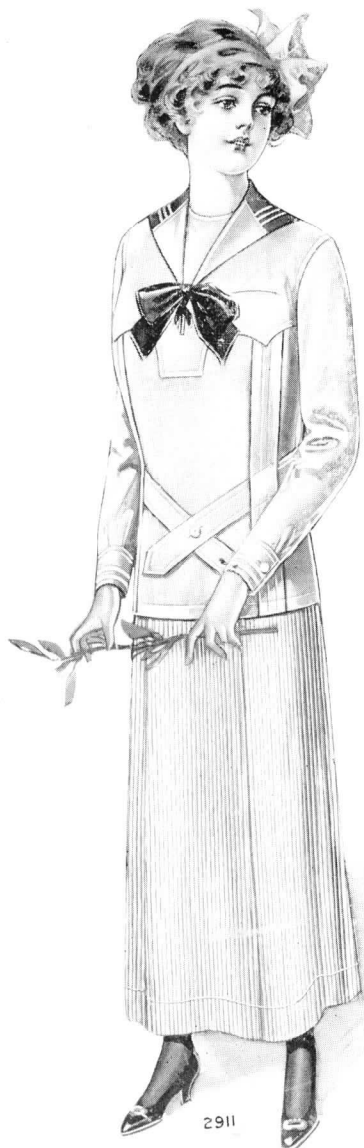
Oh, Mazy, a cut, a cut!

Oh, Mazy, a cut!



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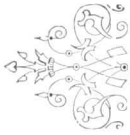
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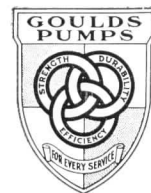
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